

The Academy and Literature

EDITED BY W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

No. 1704. Established 1869.

London: 31 December 1904.

Price Threepence.

[Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail matter. Foreign Subscribers, 17s. 6d. a year.]

Notes

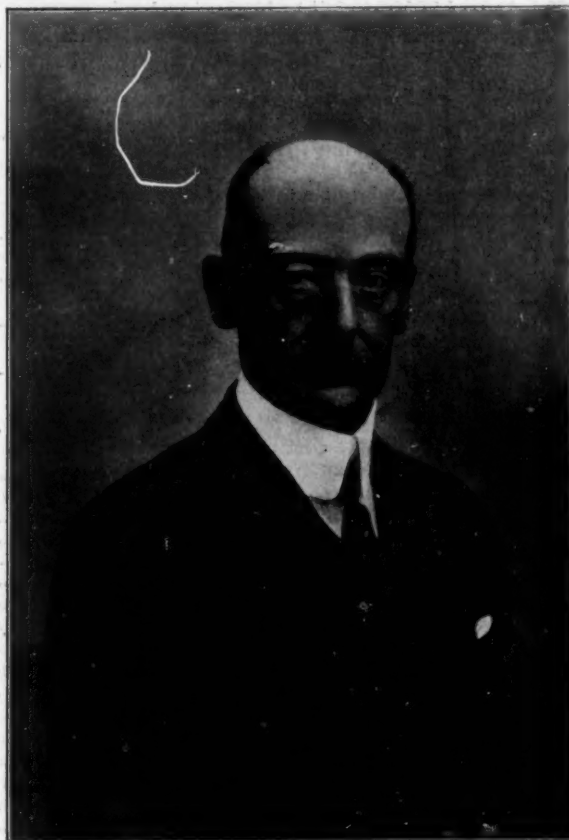
A PROPOS of my remarks some weeks ago concerning the number of novels which drew for their subject on the actualities of real life, it is interesting to be reminded by an article on "Elizabethan Crime Plays," by Mr. J. Slingsby Roberts, that the tendency was particularly prevalent among the Elizabethan dramatists, who, with the distaste for compromise and prevarication so characteristic of the age, described the facts exactly as they had occurred, mincing nothing. I quote the following:—

"In spite, however, of the very general interest in crime and criminals in our day, the direct and undisguised use of criminal records for the stage would certainly offend modern taste, so that, whenever recourse is had to them, the adaptation is always veiled by a careful change of names and surroundings. It was not so with the Elizabethans. To them the crime-play presented itself as a legitimate though humble variety of historical tragedy. The eighteenth-century conception of the dignity of history had not yet arisen to confine historians to political events. Nothing forbade the Tudor chroniclers, Hall and Stow and Holinshed, to mention, sometimes with detail, a crime wholly without political bearing, if it had deeply stirred the imagination of their contemporaries. Now it is well known how general was the custom in that time of dramatising events from English history or from the legends, such as those of Lear and Cymbeline, which then passed as such. If the crimes of princes were available as material for drama, why not on a lower plane those of private individuals? These plays had two qualities that made strongly for popularity—topical interest and abundance of horror; and it is not surprising that the *genre* flourished. No less than sixteen names have come down to us, but only four of them are extant."

The two plays, however, with which Mr. Slingsby Roberts deals are "Arden of Faversham," whose heroine is called "a bourgeoisie Clytemnestra," and the anonymous play which was founded on the "Yorkshire Tragedie" recorded in Stow's Chronicle for 1604.

THOUGH, however, modern susceptibilities would be offended by the stage representation of actual murders, I think none the less that the more interesting phases of crime afford a field to the novelist-psychologist which has been too little exploited. With the exception of Mr. H. B. Irving's "Studies in French Criminals," which appeared some years ago, I am acquainted with no English work dealing adequately with the subject. It may be that the British mind, thinking that "psychological" is but a high-sounding euphemism for morbid, shrinks from the matter: yet what an excellent subject for a novel, psychological and yet none the less dramatic; would be the story of Lacenaire (one of Mr.

Irving's criminals), the highly educated and cultured young Frenchman who in his complete absence of any moral sense, and in the full possession of his faculties,



MR. W. E. NORRIS

[Photo. Russell & Sons]

adopted a career of crime on general philosophical principles.

I QUOTE the following from an interesting interview with Mr. Zangwill in "The Tatler":

"My next work will be a volume of philosophical essays, some of which have already been published by Harper, on the Latin countries where I have lately been travelling—France, Spain, Sicily, and Italy. The book is to be called 'Latin Phantasies.'"

"What do I think of the short story? I believe that it is the concentration of artistic ability and force. The reason why the volume of short stories is not popular is because people are too lazy to appreciate it. They don't want to have to get acquainted every twenty pages or so with a new set of people and with new situations. You can obviate that indifference to a certain extent by taking the same set of people through a series of stories, but the detached short stories are not demanded. People when they read apparently wish to sink into an easy chair and emerge about a week later."

But surely the decline of the short story, which a prominent publisher assured me was one of the most marked features of present-day literature, is to be ascribed not so much to the indifference of the public as to the growing power of the magazines, where the short story flourishes inordinately. But the public is a creature of habit, and, growing accustomed to reading casually its short stories in the pages of the weekly and monthly papers, objects to take them as serious literature in volume form. Apart from this their taste must inevitably be corrupted by the magazine short stories, the majority of which are of inferior quality.

A PROPOS of the decline of the short story I am interested to see that Mr. Kipling's latest volume has met with adverse criticism in America and France on quite similar lines to that which it received over here. I quote the following reviews from the "*Mercure de France*" and "*Current Literature*":

"Rien de ce qu'écrivit l'auteur de *Kim* et de *Stalky and Co.* ne saurait être indifférent, mais ce nouveau livre n'ajoute rien à la gloire universelle du père de Mowgli. Toutefois, Mr. Kipling révèle ici une faculté nouvelle chez lui: celle d'être obscur. Les lecteurs qui pourront déchiffrer le mystère de *They* et donner une interprétation plausible de cette nouvelle auront droit à un prix de perspicacité."

Our American contemporary is considerably more emphatic:

At the same time, much reading of his stories must be, to a certain extent, an irritation. It is not pleasant to be reminded in every few lines that there are many subjects of which the general reader is painfully ignorant. Few things are less welcome than omniscience in a finite being. Exactly what charm Mr. Kipling finds in the lingo of specialists only psychologists would be able to discover. There is nothing very difficult for a man of leisure, cleverness and literary skill in acquainting himself even very closely with the technicalities ordinarily known to men in a special trade, profession, or walk in life. Undoubtedly, the interlarding of a story with unusual words gives it an appearance of profundity, but this is no more than an apparition. The real test of special knowledge is the ability to meet unexpected occasions, and this a literary man has never to do. Like the dramatist, he creates his own circumstances, and has only to acquire such special terms as apply to the matter directly in hand. It is very doubtful, also, whether the man who really knows his subject intimately, to whom it is a part of his daily life, is fond of garnishing his every-day talk with its technicalities. Certainly, among men of any calling, few things are more boring than straight shop talk.

I am indeed surprised to see that the French critic apparently classes "*Stalky and Co.*," which is perhaps the worst of Mr. Kipling's books, in the same category as "*Kim*," which is among the best. One might as well place "*Pickwick*" by the side of "*David Copperfield*." It is, at any rate, an instance of the tendency of popularity to become the only test of literary merit.

THE January number of the "*Hibbert Journal*" will contain articles on the Scotch Church Crisis, by A.

Taylor Innes and the Reverend John Watson, D.D. In the same number there will be several important articles including "*A Plea for Mysticism*," by the Reverend G. W. Allen; "*The Warp of the World*," by Newman Howard; "*The Universe and Beyond*," by Professor Cassius J. Keyser; "*Mind and Matter*," by Sir Oliver Lodge; "*The New Sayings of Jesus*," by Professor Kirsopp Lake; "*The Inner Meaning of Liberal Theology*," by the Reverend C. J. Shebbeare; and "*The Johannine Problem*," by the Reverend B. W. Bacon, D.D.

Do the children share their elders' taste for musical comedy? Apparently. Mr. Bouchier thinks so, for "*Little Black Sambo*," the children's Christmas entertainment at the Garrick, is very much in that line. There is clever dancing, catchy coon songs, whistling solos, unexpected effects with the limelight, everything except a coherent story. This is a little disappointing because the play in the opening passages was delightfully fresh and quaint. It promised a pretty story in an unusual setting. Little White Barbara, charmingly played by Miss Iris Hawkins, is a pale-faced, spoilt child, too listless to run and too bored to play. Her two old-fashioned maiden aunts fuss over her and beg her to eat her breakfast; even Plantagenet, the huge coloured servant, is concerned. The doctor comes. Ah! he says, this little girlie has had too much love, too much petting; she wants rousing. Then comes Little Black Sambo to play games and tell her stories of the jungle where the tigers growl and all the little nigger boys are afraid. After this the play degenerates into mere romping and various "turns." But if the children like the "turns" then all is well, for they are bright and gay enough to charm away even Little White Barbara's peevishness. Miss Nellie Bowman acted with great verve and spirit as Sambo, dancing delightfully. Mr. Frank Lawton's whistling solos were much appreciated, while Mr. Leonard Calvert as the doctor and Mr. Webb Darleigh as Plantagenet were also very successful.

Bibliographical

C OVENTRY PATMORE's "*Angel in the House*" is to be added to the "*Muses' Library*," and much as I have delighted in the poem I cannot help thinking that it is scarcely worthy of companionship with the generality of the volumes in that admirable series. But if not the highest poetry the "*Angel*" is full of delicate charm, and the fact of half a century's sustained popularity may warrant its inclusion in the series named. First published in two parts in 1854-56, the poem ran through three or four editions in ten years, and each decade since has exhausted a further edition—and this apart from the appearance of the poem in the collected works of the poet. The latest separate issue I can recall was in 1887 in "*Cassell's National Library*," a popular form which must have familiarised the poetic love story to thousands of readers. Of a further projected inclusion in the "*Muses' Library*" I learn with regret, for the admission of a living poet in such a series seems to me a mistake. The standard should be kept at the highest and should exclude anything to which the implied name of "classic" cannot be applied, otherwise it is misleading to the unlearned reader. There are only two poets living of whom it may be said that they have already taken on literary immortality.

During the year which will begin to-morrow there will occur the seventh anniversary of the death of William Ewart Gladstone (May 19) and of James Payn (March 25), and on these dates there will pass out of

copyright the works published by the statesman and the novelist before 1863. In the case of Payn there is probably nothing in his writings before "Lost Sir Massingberd" (1864), which can be looked upon as sufficiently popular to exercise the reprinter. Glad-

written by a young woman of twenty-three, Elizabeth Sara Sheppard, and, to quote a contemporary critic, "is a strange, wild, affected, incongruous, mystical, art-novel—incomplete, incorrect, foolish, extravagant; still, displaying feeling without discretion, power without



DE QUINCEY'S COTTAGE, GRASMERE

[From a drawing by George Adams]

stone's "The State in its Relations with the Church" (1838), and "Church Principles considered in their Results" (1840) have something of historic interest and are, I should think, sure of some measure of support if issued afresh in a popular form; his "Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age" (1858) is already announced for inclusion in Messrs. Routledge's "Universal Library," now modelled anew in the style of the "World's Classics." Perhaps in these days of fiscal discussion an enterprising publisher might find a public for a reprint of the bulky volume of Gladstone's "Financial Statements of 1853, 1860-63" (1863).

In reading Dr. Moncure Conway's recently published autobiography I have been struck by the number of references to books of some importance in their day, which have become well nigh forgotten. Some of these judging by the impression which they made in the past might be found worthy of republication. I have not space to mention more than two of them now. One is John Sterling's romantic story of "The Onyx Ring," which appeared originally in "Blackwood's Magazine" in 1838, and in the second volume of Sterling's "Essays and Tales" in 1848. The story has a certain old-fashioned air about it, but is by no means without interest. The other book to which Dr. Conway's commendation has sent me is "Charles Auchester, a Memorial," a novel which was published anonymously in 1853, and met with a very mixed reception. It was

learning, and a passion for music rather than a knowledge of it." Benjamin Disraeli—to whom the story was dedicated—wrote to the author saying "No greater book will ever be written upon music, and it will one day be recognised as the imaginative classic of that divine art." It is to be imagined that Disraeli here showed himself a flatterer rather than a true critic or prophet. I may add that Dr. Conway mentions a lady "who could identify every character in the novel." In a later story, "Rumour," Miss Sheppard introduced—of course under disguised names—Disraeli and Beethoven.

The reissue of "The Guide of the Perplexed" of Maimonides in its English translation and in a popular form should prove interesting to many readers with a taste for speculative subtleties. Moses, ben Maimon, commonly known as Maimonides, flourished over seven hundred years ago, having been born at Cordova in 1135. Few of his works have been translated into English, and "The Guide of the Perplexed" was not translated until 1881-85, when Dr. M. Friedländer's version was issued by the Society of Hebrew Literature. The object of the work is "to afford a guide for the perplexed (to thinkers whose studies have brought them into collision with religion), who have studied philosophy and have acquired sound knowledge, and who, while firm in religious matters, are perplexed and bewildered on account of the ambiguous and figurative expressions employed in the holy writings." WALTER JERROLD.

Reviews

HONORÉ DE BALZAC. His Life and Writings. By Mary F. Sandars. (Murray. 12s. net.)

IN an age of more pretension than performance it is a great satisfaction to come upon a book modest in its design, temperate in its execution, exempt from all affectation of profundity, but accomplishing all that it does undertake with perfect efficiency. It only remains that the undertaking should be one of importance, and that the volume should fill an actual gap upon the shelf, to entitle such a book to a cordial welcome. All this is most applicable to Miss Sandars' Life of Balzac, which might easily have been obscure and fatiguing, and is, on the contrary, bright, entertaining and readable from end to end. The author has wisely kept criticism much in the background. Balzac's more salient qualities as an author admit of brief statement, and a more elaborate treatment could hardly be attempted without the risk of swamping biography by criticism. Each of his principal works would in that case claim individual treatment, and when each had had its turn the difficult task—possible perhaps only to a Frenchman—would remain of determining how far the prodigious world of imaginary personages which Balzac called into being corresponds with the actual world which he professed to delineate, whether the "Human Comedy" was ever really performed upon the human stage, whether the great realist was not in fact a great idealist. To answer this question would require an intimate acquaintance with the age of Louis Philippe, of which chronological conditions have made Balzac the painter, for it is remarkable that his literary activity practically begins and ends with the Monarchy of July. In either case his fame is secure; if his work is not the accurate transcript of the society around him, it will be little affected by subsequent changes of manners; if it is, it will be indispensable for the future student and historian.

It is a strong argument for the greatness of Balzac the writer that none could refuse this distinction to Balzac the man. The undisputed facts of his life are colossal, monumental. The audacity which could plan such an undertaking as the "Comédie Humaine," the incredible labour and courage which could achieve it in spite of incessant obstacles and continued privations, the perfect originality of all his ways and works, the unique character of his very follies and eccentricities, as of one living in an Arabian Night, have always marked him out as one apart from the ordinary mass of mortality. To these claims must now be added the heroic character of the great attachment of his life, better known since the publication of his letters to the object of his devotion, Madame Hanska. These place Balzac as distinctly among great lovers as his novels place him among great authors: there are few such examples of constancy, self-sacrifice and strength of affection. The character of Madame Hanska is more ambiguous, and will long afford a theme for the investigators of psychological problems. She appears to us rather in the light in which Petrarch's Laura is usually regarded, not by any means devoid of heart, but more in love with her adorer's homage than with his person, and much impressed with the necessity of keeping him in order for his own good. Balzac, on his part, was far more in earnest than Petrarch, whose attachment, though no mere make-believe, was greatly aided by its thorough identification with the literary fame which

he valued above all things. Without Laura, or at least a Laura, Petrarch would have been nothing as a vernacular author. This motive in no respect entered into Balzac's sentiment for Madame Hanska; his great enterprise had been undertaken before he knew her, nor did she on her part derive during his lifetime any celebrity from her Platonic attachment. Balzac's attachment was sublimely disinterested, and its delicacy appears all the more remarkable in one of such sturdy, not to say coarse, physique, "*trop gros pour nos fauteuils*," as Sainte-Beuve maliciously said when he helped to exclude him from the Academy. This commends him in an especial degree to his present biographer, and, apart from the general good taste and good sense of her book, it is her special merit to have, first of English biographers, made one of the rich collection of letters to Madame Hanska published by the Vicomte de Spoelberch de Lovenjoul from the autographs in his own possession. In addition to this generally accessible source, the author has been permitted to consult the Vicomte's Balzac Library, destined eventually for the Museum at Chantilly, which contains "hundreds of Balzac's autograph-writings, many of them unpublished and of great interest," as well as "the proofs of nearly all his novels." Better still, her own proofs have been revised and errors weeded out by the Vicomte himself; while the book, which originated in impressions derived from the lectures of Dr. Emil Reich, has profited throughout by the suggestions of that eminent scholar and publicist. We have only to add that the treatment of the other passages of Balzac's unique career is not less thorough than that of the Hanska episode, and that, apart from the themes which rather concern the critic than the biographer, the book, on its own modest but sufficient scale, appears to leave little if any room for improvement.

RICHARD GARNETT.

STUDIES IN HETEROGENESIS. By H. Charlton Bastian, M.D. (Williams & Norgate. 31s. 6d.)

"STUDIES IN HETERODOXY" Dr. Bastian might have called this important and remarkable volume, in which he adduces a great mass of evidence against the tenability of certain orthodox biological beliefs. It is more than thirty years since the author first published on the question of the origin of life and the lowest organisms. He took part in the famous "spontaneous generation" controversy to which Pasteur, Huxley and Tyndall contributed. It has always been Dr. Bastian's fate to be on what has hitherto appeared to be the losing side, and the tide has not yet turned. Years ago, when he wrote "The Beginnings of Life" and two smaller volumes, Dr. Bastian was content to draw what he saw under the microscope. The drawings were simply discredited, because they recorded what the orthodox dogmas deny. Dr. Bastian had to wait; his opponents thought him convinced. When at length he was able to turn again to the studies which had fascinated his youth—studies which do not yield bread-and-butter—Dr. Bastian resigned five years before he needed his professorship of medicine at University College, learnt the delicate art of micro-photography, and has since actually taken with his own hands more than five thousand of these photographs, some eight hundred of which are reproduced in the present volume. Plainly one cannot discredit a micro-photograph as one may a drawing; but there is a short way with the dissenters—ignore them.

Here, then, is a physician of great distinction, a Fellow of the Royal Society; a lifelong student of a certain subject. You would think that when he sent to the Royal Society a short paper of a most striking kind, the truth of which was attested by the faithful witness of the camera, the paper would be promptly accepted and read. Not so, however. The paper has not been accepted, and the most influential member of the committee responsible for its fate actually declined point-blank, on one occasion, to move three yards in the library of the Royal Society, to see Dr. Bastian's specimens there displayed. Be assured that dogmatism often flourishes in quarters where it should be unable to draw a single breath. Men of science suffer from human nature just as do the theologians.

Of course, it is here possible to give only the briefest indication of Dr. Bastian's work. He believes that he has proved the origin of lowly forms of life to be constantly occurring in the organic matter around us. (It is a pity, by the way, that his original term, *archebiosis*, has largely been replaced by Huxley's more cumbersome word *abiogenesis*, to indicate the origin of living from not-living matter.) He further believes that the most amazing metamorphoses occur amongst the infusoria and bacteria; changes of species which he calls *heterogenesis*. I have had the good fortune to study a number of Dr. Bastian's preparations and can only, thereafter, say that the action of the Royal Society seems to me to be a grave disservice to the cause of truth.

As to the question of the origin of life, there are three possibilities. Life arose on our planet by natural causes in time past, but now cannot so arise (though the conditions as to the supply of complex chemical compounds are more favourable now than then!) This is the orthodox belief. Or life arose by natural causes in time past and does so to-day. This is Dr. Bastian's belief. Or life arose in time past, once and for all, by a Creative Act. This is Lord Kelvin's belief. We may accept one of these, or exercise that suspense of judgment which is possible for the disciplined mind alone; but we must in any case appreciate the fact that the question was not finally closed thirty years ago, since Dr. Bastian has conclusively refuted the logic by which an illegitimate inference was drawn from what no one questions to have been accurate experimental data.

C. W. SALEEBY.

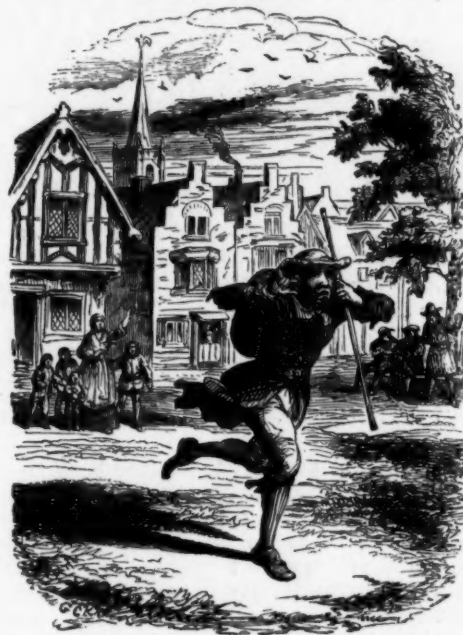
THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By John Bunyan. Illustrated with 25 Drawings on wood by George Cruikshank. (Frowde. Prize Edition. 4s.)

WHEN, this time last year, the *édition de luxe* of the above came into my hands for review in THE ACADEMY I did not hesitate to express my opinion, as a good Cruikshankian jealous for that artist's reputation, that the publication, as "fine examples of the artist's work" of a series of unrepresentative and inadequate drawings, which had lain unused for forty years, was regrettable and misleading. This is still my opinion; not so much, let it be understood, that they should not have been published at all as that they should not have been published with such a heralding.

Apart from the initial objection, there is fortunately much to be said in favour of this "prize edition" of the immortal allegory. In itself "The Pilgrim's Progress" is essentially what a prize book should be, and this edition at the price at which it is published would be hard to beat. Every schoolmaster who makes such a gift to a successful scholar strikes a blow for good literature and drives a nail into the coffin of trashy reading. The mere fact that a book has been hardly won makes it peculiarly precious and a thing to be read from cover

to cover. Its counterpart may have stood unexplored on his father's bookshelves so long as he can remember. Now it is the captive of his own little bow and spear, and so cannot be ignored.

The value of this volume is greatly enhanced by its admirable Biographical Introduction, by Canon Venables, ably revised by Miss Mabel Peacock. Here we



CHRISTIAN FLEES FROM THE CITY OF DESTRUCTION

[Illustration from "The Pilgrim's Progress" (Frowde)]

have the remarkable tale well told of the tinker's brat who, when little more than a baby, had "but few equals for cursing and swearing, lying and blaspheming the name of God." At nine he is racked with convictions of sin and haunted with religious terrors. As a youth his eyes are again blinded, and his recklessness brings him constantly face to face with death, only to be preserved by God's good mercy for better things. At twenty, imprudently married to a wife as ill provided with worldly goods as himself—"as poor as owlets," to adopt his own expression, he tries to live a new life, but is soon playing the madman after his wonted manner, and is rebuked by a neighbour as "the ugliest fellow for swearing she ever heard." Later he is led to the study of the Bible, only to become, in his own phrase, "a poor, painted hypocrite," gaining great peace of conscience and supreme self-satisfaction. Then, overhearing the conversation of a few poor women, he learns that he is still a stranger to vital religion. Henceforth his mind "lay fixed on eternity like a Horse-leech at the vein," but he continues to be the victim of intolerable self-torment. One day he stakes his hope of salvation on his ability to work miracles, saying to the puddles in the road "Be dry" and to the dry places "Be ye puddles." Another day he is assailed by the almost irresistible impulse to pray to anything but God—to the bushes, to a broom, to a bull, even to Satan himself. Forthwith he curses his fate that he is not a dog or a toad which has no soul to perish. Anon he believes, as has many another, that he has committed the unpardonable sin, and so he goes through the whole gamut of agonies, rivalling, in Canon Venables' words, "as a skilful self-tormentor the most rigid of ascetics."

This is a very inadequate *résumé* of a story which is the greatest possible help to the proper understanding of the autobiography of the soul which follows, and the boy who reads it will learn that truth is not only stranger but vastly more entertaining than fiction.

Therefore let me repeat. If there is a book which you want a boy to read—and surely we all want our boys to know their Bunyan—do not lend it to him, do not borrow it for him from the library, above all do not set it him as a task, but give it him, and be well assured that, though you may never know it, he will devour it for the simple reason that it is his “very own.”

G. S. LAYARD.

BIBLE PROBLEMS AND THE NEW MATERIAL FOR THEIR SOLUTION. By T. K. Cheyne, D.D. Crown Theological Library. (Williams & Norgate. 5s.)

THE LIFE OF HUGH PRICE HUGHES. By his Daughter. (Hodder & Stoughton. 12s.)

THE ART OF CREATION: ESSAYS ON THE SELF AND ITS POWERS. By Edward Carpenter. (Allen. 5s. net.)

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS; AND OTHER SERMONS. By George Adam Smith, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

DR. CHEYNE'S volume is an expansion of a lecture delivered before the Churchmen's Union in June of this year. It is a plea for carrying criticism to forthright conclusions. It is, therefore, a protest against that kind of moderation which would set up arbitrary boundaries. If Christianity is to perish at the hands of criticism, one may imagine Dr. Cheyne to say, let it so perish at the hands of its own scholars. And surely that were the nobler lot. But death—even such euthanasia—is not anticipated. The “form of the spiritual truth” of Christ's resurrection and ascension may indeed be historically derived from a Babylonian myth; but “the discovery that a form of belief is of non-historical origin (i.e. belongs to another sphere than that of history) has nothing to do with the truth or falsehood of the belief itself. Whatever else may be subverted by criticism, the belief in the resurrection of Christ is safe.” The Canon has made a very real effort in these pages not to shock but to carry along with him his brethren. He claims to go in the direction of liberalism but a step further than a well-known priest of the English province of the Society of Jesus, Father Tyrrell. The temper of his book is admirably gentle and restrained and the matter is of most living interest.

A vein of enthusiasm runs through the life-story of Mr. Hugh Price Hughes, as it is told by his daughter, that might possibly seem to demand on the part of the reader a warmer personal sympathy than any of which it would be prudent to assume the universal existence. For the eminent Wesleyan had an unfortunate knack of putting up the backs even of people not by any means out of sympathy with the general scope of his social ideals. As Dr. Parker wittily remarked of him, he would positively lie in wait for the Devil; and few of us can bear that he should be treated in that aggressive fashion. That happy phrase throws a gleam of light upon another which has been embodied in the currency of speech. The Nonconformist Conscience did not originate with Mr. Hughes or with his sympathisers; but, as his biographer says, he snatched it to his breast. “Let us see,” he said, “that we are worthy of this title which has been bestowed upon us.” Apart from his attitude in public affairs, wherein he is the type of

the militant Nonconformist, he was in matters proper to his pastoral office of remarkable moderation and sanity. He believed less in conversion than in illumination; and to young men preparing for the ministry, lest they should underrate the value of carnal knowledge, is remembered to have said: “If God has no need of your brains He has no need of your ignorance.” He devoted himself accordingly, though less than he would have liked yet more than he needed, to serious studies, and he kept a watchful eye upon the books of the day. He read Meredith and admired Mr. Hall Caine. That he was a happy husband and father the tone of loving enthusiasm that characterises the pages of this filial tribute sufficiently expresses; and for the sake of that spirit of love we bear patiently with many irrelevancies. And in spite of these the Life is a really businesslike and happy piece of work.

“The Art of Creation” might perhaps be labelled an essay in Monistic mysticism. It is the author's aim to help us to that condition of consciousness in which, leaving behind the stage of self-consciousness which distinguishes the ordinary man from the brute and from the infant, the mind recognises itself as one with its knowledge and with the thing it knows. “He who beholds all beings in Self, and the Self in all beings, he,” it is declared in the Upanishads, “never turns away from it.” This, says our Neo-Hegelian, is the only true existence. And Mr. Carpenter writes with conviction and fervour.

Our volume of sermons by Dr. Adam Smith is an example of the fact that even yet it is not necessary to stray from the paths of orthodoxy in order to treat with freshness and originality the fundamental principles of Christianity. Take, for example, the existence of moral guilt, with the correlative need for forgiveness, and the nature of that divine prerogative; for this is the subject-matter of the sermon which supplies its title to the book. Here the element of God's new trust in the soul which He has pardoned is manifested as a principal element in His forgiveness of it. Thus the penitent is held to the point of honour. This is a kind of elevated anthropomorphism that is profitable, and it is characteristic of the general tone of this wise Scottish preacher.

THE ENCHANTED WOODS. By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 3s. 6d. net.)

It scarcely seems playing fair to address the dedication of a volume dealing with enchanted woods from Maiano, near Florence, and to chide the reader in the first essay for not being content to explore his immediate surroundings. Returning from a ride “up the steep paths from the Mugnone Valley to the Amphitheatre of Fiesole,” and sitting down in a study within a stone's-throw of the beautiful woods of Settignano, within walking distance of the City of Flowers, who of us would not feel inclined to express the belief that we enrich our lives “by the faithful putting to profit of what is within our grasp”?

Vernon Lee seems to have taken one of the salient points of Tolstoi's philosophy, and idealised it in such a way that she claims to have found a simple means by which we can all make friends with the Genius Loci. Apparently she appreciates the humour of the master's *unprincipled* theory, on the strength of which he stands erect amidst an unusually large family, and bids mankind cease propagating the human species and attain salvation! Her proposed methods of regenerating the traveller are not quite so drastic. She lives in an atmosphere of accumulated experience and developed appre-

ciation, and tells us that our longing to see certain places should be keen enough to make us create them for ourselves out of the material close at hand.

The author transports us to the enchanted woods, forests, fields, lanes, valleys and mountain-paths of France, Switzerland, Spain, Germany and Italy with the magic wand of a peculiarly fascinating literary style, into which art and philosophy are dexterously woven. The nymphs come forth at her bidding, the pellucid stream winds its way through a labyrinth of sweet-smelling flowers, the air is heavy with the scent of the pines, the birds warble overhead, the butterflies flit around in the sunshine and the fireflies—well, she has forgotten to light up those fairy-lamps. Now, argues Vernon Lee, why rush off to a far-away country to experience these delights? Why not sit at home and dream of them, or wander in your own neighbourhood, commune with Nature, and let the imagination run riot? She does not tell us that we are not to satisfy our longing to travel, for she has no sympathy with the moralists who advocate "the snuffing out of our desires," but she wants us to be content to wander in local fancy-land, instead of taking a long railway journey to reach fairy-land.

But our author forgets that the imagination is stimulated by the senses; forgets that she could never have confined the enchanted woods within the covers of a book unless she had actually been in touch with them; forgets that she could not charm us so completely with her fancies unless they were founded on facts.

We venture to think that we shall not be alone in putting into a practical form our accusation that Vernon Lee has defeated her own ends in this book. Any thoughts that we may have had of spending a holiday in exploring our immediate surroundings have vanished—with Vernon Lee rest her blame and our thanks. We shall take an express train to the sunny south in the early spring, and the pine-woods to which we shall direct our steps are delightfully real. There we shall lay ourselves down on a bed of flowers, with a mossy bank for pillow, in the shadow of the spreading branches overhead. Lulled by the sound of the distant waves we shall fall asleep and dream. When we awake we shall wander along in the sunshine, ever and anon stopping to rest on the gnarled roots of an old tree in order to read a few pages of "The Enchanted Woods."

All true lovers of Nature will feel grateful to the author as they read this new volume of essays; and if her book drives into the heart "a funny little wedge, gentle and yet quite sharp, of longing" for real woods, such a longing is a sign of appreciation and not of depreciation.

EDITH A. BROWNE.

LETTERS AND RECOLLECTIONS OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.

By Mrs. Hughes (of Uffington). Edited by Horace G. Hutchinson. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

SIR WALTER SCOTT is the one man of whom, except as regards his pecuniary misfortunes and the inevitable ills of life, we are sure never to hear anything we had rather not have heard. It is almost equally difficult to tell anything respecting him that had better not have been told, for the merest trifles look captivating in the pervading sunshine of his geniality and good sense. This consideration excuses the publication of his comparatively unimportant correspondence with Mrs. Hughes, daughter of Mr. Watts, Vicar of Uffington, in Berkshire, grandmother of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" and wife of one of his successors in the living, who was also a Canon of St. Paul's. Her friendship with Scott dated from an early period in the

nineteenth century, but the correspondence did not become active until about 1821, shortly after which date the friendship was cemented by a visit of the Hugheses to Scotland and the North of England. The letters would make, and have made, excellent magazine articles, but it would hardly have been possible to have made a book of them but for the reinforcement accruing from the diary kept by Mrs. Hughes during her tour. Nor is this, though pleasant enough, of any special interest. It has some good stories, such as that of the tailor-poet who deemed the loss of the only manuscript of his tragedy amply compensated by an order for a pair of pantaloons, and that of the Scotch minister who "had always thought that Pontius Pilate was one of the nine Apostles." Two anecdotes of kings of England, frequently the objects of detraction, represent these monarchs in an advantageous light. George IV., when staying at the boy Duke of Buccleugh's castle, "took the most sedulous care that nothing might pass in the conviviality of the day which it was not strictly proper for a boy of his age to hear." George III., having vehemently opposed the expedition to Egypt, which was carried out by Lord Melville's advice with complete success, took the first opportunity of drinking Melville's health as the man who was wiser than his master. A similar piece of magnanimity is related of Count Flahault, who, having silenced a Highland piper who "stunned him with his horrible noise," and overhearing the man's ejaculation, "Perhaps the last time he heard them was at Waterloo," immediately sent the man a guinea.

Sir Walter's letters are, as always, delightful for their lambent humour and unconscious revelation of the writer's good nature and generosity, but contain nothing very striking. The most remarkable passage is his stout denial, in reply to an impertinent question, of the authorship of "Kenilworth." To have answered truly and frankly would have been to put a premium upon indiscretion, and as silence would have been equivalent to acknowledgment, we hardly see what other course was open to him. He seems to have doubted whether his denial would command assent, for he gives it colour by affecting to censure the author of "Kenilworth" for an incident which he well knows could not have been otherwise represented without violation of the truth of history. He says nothing of the flagrant anachronism in the novel, feeling perhaps that it might be inexpedient to raise the question. RICHARD GARNETT.

VIVIAN GREY. By Lord Beaconsfield. Edited by Lucien Wolf. (Centenary Edition. 2 vols. Moring. 7s. net.)

INTERESTING as is Mr. Lucien Wolf's introduction, we cannot on all points agree with him. The account of young Disraeli's financial adventures and his dealings with Murray in connection with "The Representative" is full and very complete, but surely Mr. Wolf exaggerates the blame attachable to the young and enthusiastic literary adventurer? Disraeli was a youth of extraordinarily brilliant parts, of colossal self-confidence and of wholly natural ignorance of men and of matters. Believing that he was backed by men of substance, trusting in the faith of the untrustworthy, he unwittingly deceived Murray, by both parties being made the scapegoat. Murray naturally was indignant and probably ignorant of the details of the affair, and Disraeli was for the time being stunned by the shattering of a brilliant dream. "Vivian Grey," or at any rate the first portion of it, is an account, more or less disguised, of this unhappy business and Mr. Wolf would have us read it altogether by

the light of the past and see in it nothing prophetic. But this point of view must be wrong; undoubtedly the scheme of the early parts of the plot is based on Disraeli's unfortunate experiences, but in many of the political dissertations there is a foreshadowing of the course to be pursued by the future statesman. After all Disraeli longed to be the mainspring of a great daily paper—"The Representative"—not for love of literary fame, but because of the political power it would bring to him. The money market and the political arena were the only scenes where he, a moneyless son of the middle classes, could hope to gain that power for which he wished, and a daily paper of high class and of great influence, backed by well-known financiers and politicians, would enable him to force his way into early prominence in the House of Commons; once prominent, once fairly started, he knew that he had gifts that would bring all within his reach. On the other hand, Mr. Wolf does well to remind the reader that Vivian must not be taken as a serious representative of the author and his ambitions. Vivian is not Disraeli, though in externals he bears great likeness to him. As Disraeli himself wrote: "Of the vices of Vivian Grey, no one is perhaps more sensible than their author. . . . When I sketched the feelings of his early boyhood, as the novelist, I had already foreseen the results to which those feelings were to lead, and had in store for the fictitious character the punishment which he endured." No author writes thus of a portrait of himself!

The romance is here reprinted verbatim from the first edition, and read in the light of Mr. Wolf's instructive introduction is a fascinating study in political history, but as a novel we far prefer the revised version prepared in later years by the author. Despite its manifold faults of artistry and of taste, "Vivian Grey" remains a delightful essay in romance.

Verse

KING WILLIAM THE WANDERER. By W. G. Collingwood. (Brown, Lalgham. 2s. 6d. net.)

DAILY THOUGHTS FROM DANTE ALIGHIERI. Selected and arranged for each day in the year by J. B. (Stock. 3s. 6d. net.)

MARIA CREATRIX. By Reverend T. H. Passmore, M.A. (Stock. 3s. 6d.)

THE GEORGICS OF VIRGIL. Translated into English verse by Lord Burghclere. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

ALICE, AN ADULTERY. (Society for the Propagation of Religious Truth. 5s. net.)

In "King William the Wanderer" Mr. Collingwood has given us a prose version compounded from two mediæval French metrical versions of an old English legend. He is to be commended for giving us prose; the thing would have been intolerable in metre. It is a pretty and artless story, of no particular charm or attraction and certainly of no historical value; but it will pass pleasantly an unoccupied moment. William is a quite unhistorical King, and the tale, which apparently refers to the Heptarchy and the old Anglian kingdom of Northumbria or Deira, introduces later manners at will. It has all the curious mixture of piety and the most unethical actions and manners which characterise the religion of these primitive tales as often as not. The writers of them were no moral casuists, very clearly. The story is done into clean and simple English; but Mr. Collingwood has wisely avoided any attempt to reproduce closely the archaisms—in diction or style—of early English, such as make repellent the tales of Mr. William Morris and the exercises of other zealots for old Saxon. There is enough to correspond with the matters

related and suggest the general date of the legend, no more; for the rest it is good, homely, modern English, and that is well. A pretty antique trifle, as we have said.

"Daily Thoughts from Dante" simply does for the Florentine what has been done for various English poets; it provides from his work some brief passage of wisdom or beauty for each day in the year. The whole range of his writings is drawn upon; some approved translation being employed—chiefly Cary and Rossetti in the case of the poems. The class of readers to whom such a book appeals were scarce likely to be familiar, in most cases, with Italian or Latin. If these books are to be (we have ourselves no great love for them) then the thing is done as tastefully as could be desired.

Of "Maria Creatrix" it is not so easy to speak. The title-poem is, in plan, a curious expansion of a living minor poet's "Making of Viola," with an admixture of Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel," and in style a yet more curious exaggeration of either writer, but chiefly (as it seems to us) of Rossetti. The other poems are in the same spirit, the diction suggesting the Rossetti school, if anything, but with the like clamorous exaggeration. The conceits have an equal violence, and the whole effect is bizarre. Yet Mr. Passmore is not without a certain fancy, a measure of the poetic feeling; his ideas are often iridescent, if the violence of manner did not obscure their quality. As it is, the book sins by resolved strangeness.

Lord Burghclere's translation of the "Georgics," on the other hand, is nothing if not academic and orthodox. It is, let us say at once, an able, accomplished and scholarly version (having regard to its aim). Virgil, he remarks, never loses his grandeur of style, yet never becomes inharmonious with his subject-matter. It is Lord Burghclere's misfortune, which he would have performed a wonder had he escaped, that so much cannot be said of him. These Tennysonian rhythms with a memory of Milton, these careful pomps of poetic diction, frequently strike one as uneasily sorted with the bucolic theme. It would, as we say, have been a miracle had he overcome the difficulty. Perhaps Tennyson himself might have done so, but we doubt it. The blank-verse and the diction are both careful and good, with a sense of art; the Latin is well rendered; and the author has come perhaps as near to success as might be in a most difficult task. Translating Virgil is despairing work, the "Georgics" most despairing of all.

Of "Alice" it is not pleasant to speak at all. An unpleasant story, in a series of unpleasant, exotic-fashioned little poems, with some measure of sensuous emotional force, and overwrought technical accomplishment—accomplishment, not the less. But it is not strong enough to carry off its extreme unpleasantness.

Fiction

DIALSTONE LANE. By W. W. Jacobs. (Newnes, 6s.) What shall we say of "Dialstone Lane" that we have not already said of this popular writer's other books? Mr. Jacobs having found a vein of humour keeps to it, and neither surprises us by wild experiments nor annoys us by offering us that which we do not expect. True, he not long ago wrote some exceedingly good ghost stories at which many exclaimed, but in his latest book he has given us a novel in his earlier manner. The characters we somehow seem to have met already. Captain Bowers is surely no new acquaintance; have we not heard his blunt speech and hearty laugh before? His niece, Prudence, too, who frowns on the wooing of Mr. Tredgold and keeps house for the Captain, surely she is familiar? We know Selina even, a truly delight-

ful person. All this, however, detracts not one whit from the fun and enjoyment to be derived from "Dialstone Lane." Rather we enjoy meeting such good and welcome friends once more. From the moment Captain Bowers arrives at the little cottage in a cab containing a parrot "which had been noisily entreating the cabman for a kiss all the way from the station," the fun commences. The Captain is the pivot on which all the happenings turn. The cruise of the three men in search of hidden treasure, and the ingenious ruse by which they shake off their too fond and clinging wives, is productive of much genial fun. "Dialstone Lane" is not so uproariously funny as some of Mr. Jacobs' efforts, but it is very entertaining and full of a genuine if quiet humour. There are so few truly humorous writers nowadays that "Dialstone Lane" deserves a warm welcome.

RONALD LINDSAY. By May Wynne. (John Long, 6s.) A braw tale of the Covenanters and the stirring times of "bluidy" Claverhouse and his dragoons. Young Ronald Lindsay fares through much trouble and adventure, and incidentally pledges his heart and hand to bonnie Effie Fergusson, the daughter of a dour Covenanter and sworn foe of the King's soldiers. The story opens with the killing of John Brown, according to Claverhouse's own report to Queensberry, and there is no lack of stirring escapes and plotting and counter-plotting. The course of true love runs no smoother than is right, and proper in an historical Scots novel, and when the drama ends with the death of the hero after the battle of Killcrankie, one is convinced that it could have come about in no other way. The Scots talk throughout the book is good without being overdone, and that the authorities of the period have been carefully studied is evident by the consistent accuracy of the events of the story. "Ronald Lindsay" is a well-told tale, exciting, ingenious and unaffected, and a book, moreover, which is to be enjoyed alike by young and old, by Scot and Sassenach, by students of history and lovers of fiction.

THE PROSPECTOR. By Ralph Connor (Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.) A well-written book, strong and healthy in tone, religious without priggishness. "Shock," the parson-hero, is a manly and delightful person, and though he works wonders among the rough crowd of miners, cowboys, and lumber-men with whom he casts his lot as a missionary, one never feels that his wonder-working is beyond the range of probability. The picture of life in the Western States of Canada is well and powerfully drawn and full of interest; there is not a dull line on any single page, and the descriptions of scenery are beautifully written, especially those of "the everlasting hills." What mountain lover will not feel the truth of this: "Reflecting every mood of man, they add somewhat to his nobler stature and diminish somewhat his ignobler self. . . . They never obtrude themselves, but they smile upon his joys, and in his sorrow offer silent sympathy. . . ." The types of Western character introduced are full of charm and fascination, and indeed we feel so attracted by them that we would gladly sacrifice the first two chapters of the book to have two more on the end. Those first two chapters, devoted to a very spirited description of a big—and may we be forgiven for saying so—rather brutal description of a football match, we would cheerfully sacrifice to know the end of, say, "the Kiddie's" love story which we saw just budding into promise, or to have "Ike" with us a little longer. Perhaps, however, the author will bring them along later, in another book.

MISS BRENT OF MEAD. By Christabel Coleridge. (Isbister, 6s.) It is a pity that a story such as this could not be written as a short novel. The effect of reading it is weariness—weariness over the recounting of needless detail. The plot is not strong enough to hold the attention. Not a single figure is completely drawn. It is the old fault of woman's work in the studios, in print, in music. Why it is so will remain for ever the strange problem of the artistic failure, or, perhaps one should say the mediocrity of most women in art. Yet Miss Coleridge can write a clever line; she is bright and breezy.

Short Notices

A TRANSCRIPT OF THE PARISH REGISTER OF CHESHAM, BUCKS. The first volume, 1538-1636. By J. W. Garrett-Pegge. (Stock, 15s. net.) Chesham is one of the comparatively few parishes in England of which the parish registers are extant from the year in which they were instituted by edict of Thomas Cromwell. Of the utmost value, not merely for genealogical purposes, but also for the social historian and the statistician, it is only comparatively recently that any effort has been made to effect transcripts of those that have escaped the vicissitudes of fire, theft, damp, and ignorant custodians. We recall the tale of the Scottish laird who, solacing a period of waiting in an antechamber with the contents of a dictionary, answered when asked how he liked the book, that "the tales were interesting, but unco' short." The tales in a register are "short," too, but it is astonishing what an amount of interesting matter may be packed into a line. Of notabilities Chesham seems to have boasted few, though one may hazard a surmise as to what kin, if any, Christopher Hatton, shoemaker, of Epping, Essex, who married Anne Grover, of Chesham, in 1597, was to "the dancing chancellor" of the "shoestrings green and satin doublet." The editor adds a number of useful appendices, amongst others, one enumerating the occupations mentioned in the register. Herein it is a trifle startling to find that of meretrix occurring side by side with pastoral and mechanical employments; but we recall Mr. Kipling's phrase "the oldest profession in the world," and are not surprised, on turning the pages casually, to discover that one of the ladies so described bore the name "Helene." Was the second referred to, we wonder, that unfortunate child baptized Rahab? If so, it was a singular instance of a name involving destiny. The Christian names Gawen, Peircivall, Triamour, and Tristram lead one to the conjecture that the "Morte d'Arthur" was not unknown in the parish. Several of the Fathers of the Church supplied names to the Chesham boys, amongst them Clement, Ambrose, Basil, and, most curious of all, Origen. Was there a heterodox incumbent of Chesham about that time? We recall the amazement of an old-fashioned, high-church parson, upon being given the name of St. Donatt's as a place of residence. "St. Who?" he thundered, instantly suspicious of the revival of an extinct heresy. It is to be hoped that Mr. Garrett-Pegge may be encouraged to complete the work he has undertaken, and that he may find imitators throughout the land.

GASPARD DE COLIGNY. By A. W. Whitehead. (Methuen, 12s. 6d. net.) This study of the great Huguenot is a fine piece of historical portraiture, alike vivid in individual characterisation and comprehensive in its wide national backgrounds, and conceived throughout in a spirit of fine impartiality. Gaspard de Coligny has nothing of the brilliant charm of Henry of Navarre—"clair astre de feu"—nor of the half-malign fascination of Henry de Guise. Mr. Whitehead has not attempted to smooth away the austere lines of his hero's character. Coligny, in these pages, stands forth with a severe dignity—a devotion sometimes harsh and narrow—even before his severance from Catholicism he impresses us as the typical Calvinist. Perhaps no nature less sternly resolved could have upheld through such dark and troublous years the burden of the cause, turning defeat to victory by sheer force of an invincible will. Mr. Whitehead tells the story with scholarship and clearness, tracing the early rivalry between the houses of Montmorency and Guise, and, when the personal strife merges in the larger political and religious conflict, giving an admirable survey of the complex warfare of diplomacy no less than that of the sword. The history of those three civil wars, "in the first of which," it was said, "the Huguenots fought like angels, in the second like men, and in the third like fiends," is sadder than that of the contemporary struggle in the Netherlands. For the cause which survived Jarnac and Moncontour and rose again from St. Bartholomew was destined, after all, to partial failure when it swept its leader, Henry of Navarre, to a throne—and apostasy. The author makes a careful study of the probable

causes of the decline of Protestantism in France, and leaves it still something of a mystery. He has to deal with other problems more closely connected with his subject, such as Coligny's responsibility for the death of Francis of Guise. He brings strong arguments in favour of Coligny's innocence of any actual share in the murder; indeed, it is, for the most part, only the old-fashioned who, at this date, insist on his guilt. No chapter of the book is more interesting than that which deals with the Admiral's nobly conceived, though fruitless, colonial schemes. In fact, Mr. Whitehead has considered his hero in every aspect, and produced a striking portrait. Possibly he claims too much in his comparison between Coligny and Cromwell, in which he insists on the Admiral's wider views on foreign policy, and ignores the Protector's superiority as soldier and practical statesman. But he brings out the profound kinship between the French aristocrat and the English country squire; for, indeed, the same sombre and fervent faith lighted the defeat at Moncontour and blazed to victory at Dunbar.

THE TABERNACLE: ITS HISTORY AND STRUCTURE. By the Rev. W. Shaw Caldecott. With a Preface by the Rev. A. H. Sayce, D.D. (Religious Tract Society, 5s.) Two ancient documents are at the foundation of the laborious calculations of which, mainly, this book is built up. One is the Senkerek tablet; the other a slab of stone in which a certain Babylonian king, Gudea, may be seen by visitors to the British Museum to rest his hands in the act of prayer. The former of these comprises an elaborate table of measures and mathematical formulæ; the second contains the ground plan of a palace, a picture of a graving tool, and a record of the measure by which the palace was planned. This last is known as the Rule of Gudea, and furnishes an experimental verification of certain results of the interpretation of the Senkerek tablet. Professor Sayce, in his preface, refuses to commit himself to Mr. Caldecott's interpretation in its entirety, but we gather that, so far as his main point is concerned, he admits that he has found the key. The dimensions of the parts of the Tabernacle and its courts have long formed a crux to biblical scholars; and even the ingenious Fergusson, to arrive at the glorified cricket-tent which he constructs from the figures given in the Mosaic books, has had to take large liberties with the recorded figures. Mr. Caldecott's reconstruction—an elaborate affair which we cannot pretend to have verified in detail—rests on the basis of a threefold cubit-length. Of these the first, used in plotting the Court, equals 1 foot 6 inches; the second, used in the erection of the Tabernacle and the Tent of the Tabernacle, equals $1\frac{1}{2}$ foot; the third, used for the Veil and curtains, equals 10.8 inches. They were thus in the proportion of 3, 4 and 5, based upon the human palm (conventionalised), and were parts of a sexagesimal system. With ungrudging pains Mr. Caldecott, as he tells us incidentally, has applied this threefold measure to every architectural specification in the Bible; and, with the exception of "a single clerical error" in Ezekiel, it has never failed to give satisfactory solutions. More interesting still is the result of its application to the mysterious ruins known as Ramet el-Khâlîl, to which it is found perfectly apt. Those, therefore—such is the conclusion—are the ruins of the stone fence which surrounded the altar of Jehovah that Samuel built in Ramah (1 Sam. vii. 17). The monograph is a wonderful record of devoted labour and technical ingenuity.

MEMORIES. By Constance F. Gordon Cumming. (Blackwood, 20s. net.) That excellent traveller, whose name as the writer of these "Memories" is a sufficient guarantee of their interest and novelty, confesses to the near approach of the appointed time of threescore years and ten; she has far outlived thirteen of her fifteen brothers and sisters, and now gathers up such scattered details and records of her wanderings as have not hitherto been published. The autobiographical introduction has that easy simplicity which informs all her writings. She tells us that she started in life with fifty first cousins, about twice as many second and third cousins, and collaterals without number. Her recollections of old Scottish customs and manners, the kinship of the clans, her early hatred of sewing and arithmetic, the old-time celebrities, political, social, literary, who came across her

path while yet a young girl, all this and much more is set down so frankly and with such evidently keen enjoyment of the mere faculty of remembrance that the sometimes quite trivial circumstances become arresting and fascinating. As is only right, Miss Gordon Cumming is very proud of her brother Roualeyn, the mighty hunter and big game shot, "the grandest and most beautiful human being I have ever beheld." His great work, "Five Years of a Hunter's Life in the Far Interior of South Africa," although published over fifty years ago, still remains a text-book on the subject, and to this day the name of Gordon Cumming is handed down from father to son among some of the tribes of the interior as the greatest Inkos, or white chieftain, who ever came into their part of the country. Of her subsequent travels in known and unknown parts of the globe Miss Gordon Cumming has much pleasant gossip. India, Egypt, Japan, Hawaii, Australia, New Zealand, are one and all visited and described with many ethnological and sociological notes, the result of careful observation and an excellent memory. Here and there a funny story is quoted, and there is a quaint humour, mostly implied rather than expressed, which makes the book enjoyable from cover to cover. There are many good illustrations, a compendious and instructive appendix, and an adequate index.

OLD FLORENCE AND MODERN TUSCANY. By Janet Ross. (Dent, 4s. 6d. net.) The matter contained in these articles is of considerable interest to lovers of Italy, her songs, her life, and her traditions. It is therefore the more to be deplored that the author's style leaves so much to be desired. Long and irritatingly involved and twisted sentences, sometimes not strikingly grammatical, and a habit of suddenly deserting one subject for another in the same paragraph, rob the reader of a great deal of pleasure. Sentences which occupy nearly half a printed page with only a comma or so scattered here and there give one quite a breathless feeling in reading. Careful editing would have done much to assist; such a sentence as "The population is squalid and miserable enough, and do not bear a good name," for instance, would surely never have been passed by a critical eye. In other respects the author is in tune with her subject, and has collected much that is of great interest. There is an article on "Popular Songs of Tuscany" which should prove most acceptable to lovers of folk-songs. Those here presented, though somewhat roughly translated, have a charm all their own, and are quaint and delightful. All through the descriptions are truthful, and show evident traces of careful research; such articles as those on "The Brotherhood of Pity" and "A Domestic Chaplain of the Medici" are instructive as well as interesting. Again we say the pity of it is that the subject is not better presented. There are several good illustrations.

GOD'S BOARD: BEING A SERIES OF COMMUNION ADDRESSES. By Edward White Benson, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. (Methuen, 3s. 6d. net.) These short addresses, arranged by the loving hand of a daughter in an order suited to the course of the Church's calendar, cover in respect to their time of composition a period of many years. Some of them were originally delivered in the distant days of Wellington College; others when the author was at Wells; others, again, were first heard within the walls of Lambeth Palace Chapel. They are very short, as being intended for delivery in the course of an early celebration of Holy Communion, and they are as concise almost as a sonnet. The thought is not, as a rule, recondite; yet obviousness is the last accusation that would be brought against it. It is meant for people who live in the world six days out of seven. It is practical as Aristotle, and makes for immediate happiness. As to the doctrine implied, the late primate, with all the sacerdotal sentiment that has been shown to have been a side of his personal character, had mastered too well the difficult rôle of a national primate to be caught compromising himself. We have lighted upon passages in this little volume that are mere masterpieces of ambiguity; and that, in the circumstances, is to be counted for praise. To which we add that the style is a model of grace in simplicity. This volume should fill an inch on the devotional shelf of many a worldling.

STUDIES OF BOY LIFE IN OUR CITIES. Written by various authors for the Toynbee Trust. (Dent, 3s. 6d. net.) The boy whose home and working life has been made the subject of this book is the labouring boy proper, who, at an age when more favoured lads are still at school, is working from early morn to late at night for a few shillings per week. He is an important item in the life of our great cities, and a careful inquiry into his habits and ways of living should be welcomed. Each of the writers who has contributed a chapter to the volume writes of life as he or she has seen it. We all know the boy of London. "You have met him often enough in one capacity or another—as office boy, errand boy, van boy, factory boy, boot boy, or as plain boy, vociferous in the street." He is not quite so ragged or untidy as he was a few years ago. Perhaps he feels his increased importance nowadays; for has he not night schools and clubs provided for him, laws passed for his benefit, even books written about him? We cannot agree with all that the writer on "The Boy and the Family" says. For instance, he strongly condemns block or model dwellings, and looks upon them as a good speculation on the part of builders. And why does he condemn them? Simply because they are not so attractive as a small house, or cottage, as he rather irritatingly calls it. Cottages or small houses suitable for an artisan are almost impossible to obtain in London. Are, then, the improved sanitation and more assured safety of the model dwellings, as opposed to the two or three stuffy rooms in an old and often insanitary house to go for nothing? The model dwellings possess, says the writer, "neither privacy nor individuality, and to the children offer no adequate space for amusement." Individuality and home life are not affected by the want or possession of a front door. But although here and there in the book we differ from the opinions of the various writers, we would recommend its perusal to every one who is interested in social economics. It has evidently been prepared with great care, and treats fully the general conditions of boy labour, the criminal boy, boys' clubs, and evening schools, the influence of the girl; in short, it is an earnest and well-written inquiry into the life of the London boy.

The thirty-second annual issue of Willing's **PRESS GUIDE** is as full, complete and useful as ever. An exceedingly useful and handy-sized volume.

Reprints and New Editions

Mr. Basil Worsfold has provided an excellent introduction, notes, &c., to Browning's **MEN AND WOMEN**, in the King's Poets (Moring, 2 vols., 2s. 6d. each net). Altogether an admirable addition to this admirable series. The most difficult bookman could not complain when type, paper and binding all are so good. I often hear complaints of English "book-making," but can always refute them by pointing to the De La More volumes upon my shelves. Mr. Moring is certainly to be congratulated upon his good works. —From Oxford I naturally expect excellent volumes, and am therefore not surprised at the pile before me—**THE POEMS OF E. B. BROWNING** (2s. and 5s.), of **TENNYSON** (2s. and 5s.), beautifully printed and gotten up, and then Boswell's **JOHNSON** (2 vols., 2s. each, and one vol., 5s.), all from Mr. Henry Frowde. More volumes of which we may be proud as examples of how things should be done. Veritably I live in a happy age, when a florin or two half-crowns will bring me such treasures in such suitable habitments.—It is not because of the dearth of good books that Mr. John Morley has to complain of finding trash in so many homes. Good and cheap literary fare can be obtained by all who have the appetite for it.—**JOHNSON'S TABLE TALK**, in the Red Letter Library (Blackie, 2s. 6d. net), with an introduction by Mr. W. A. Lewis Bellamy, is a well-chosen selection from Boswell, which will prove useful both to those who have no time to peruse the whole work and to those who, having done so, are glad to have a pocket volume of extracts. Boszy is one of the few writers from whom selections are tolerable.—Cambridge is not behind Oxford in good works, and the University Press has sent me a beautiful edition of the **ENGLISH WORKS** of Roger Ascham—

"Toxophilus," "Report of the Affaires and State of Germany," and "The Scholemaster" (4s. 6d. net). The editor is Mr. Aldis Wright—no more need be said as to the thoroughness of the editing. Ascham's quaintly learned pages take on a new delight when so cleanly and clearly set forth.—From Mr. Dent comes Chateaubriand's **ATALA**, **RENÉ** and **LE DERNIER ABENCÉRAGE**, with preface by M. Melchior de Vogue. A delightfully produced little volume (1s. 6d. net). The frontispiece is a "speaking" portrait after the painting by Girodet.—From the same publisher comes also **THE LIFE OF SAINT FRANCIS** by Saint Bonaventura (Temple Classics, 1s. 6d. net). —Mr. Philip H. Wicksteed has translated **THE EARLY LOVES OF DANTE** for the King's Classics (Moring, 2s. 6d. net). A most acceptable boon to all Dante students. I do not think I know any prettier books than the volumes of this series, with its dainty grey and white dress.—John Stuart Mill is—well, scarcely one of my bed-book writers, but it is excellent to have his **CONSIDERATIONS ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT** in a neat, well-printed volume for the absurdly small price of one shilling (Routledge).—Returning to Literature with a capital "L," Messrs. Cassell send me a new and revised edition of an old favourite of mine—Anna Buckland's **THE STORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE** (3s. 6d.), with additional chapters on the Victorian period by Miss Christabel Coleridge. This has always seemed to me quite the best guide-book for beginners—simple, sane and accurate.—Messrs. Sampson Low have provided me with a capital stock of capital stories in Stockton's **THE SQUIRREL INN** (2s. 6d.), and Black's **WITH THE EYES OF YOUTH** (2s. 6d.), **WHITE HEATHER** (2s.), **MADCAP VIOLET** (2s.), and **THREE FEATHERS** (2s.). My shelves grow fat.

F. T.-S.

New Books Received

Poetry, Criticism, Drama, and Belles-Lettres

Sidgwick, F. (selected by), **Popular Ballads of the Olden Time** (Bullen), 3/6 net.
Greenwood, Mabel, **The Garden of Memories and Other Poems** (Drane), 1/0.
Poems, by M. A. M.
Diary and Letters of Madame d'Arblay (1778-1840), as edited by her niece, Charlotte Barrett. Vol. II. (Macmillan), 10/6 net.

Art

Silhouettes Alphabet, par L. S. H.

Travel and Topography

Browne, G. Waldo, **Japan, the Place and the People** (Sampson Low), 16/0 net.

Miscellaneous

Watt, J. Y., **The Law of Savings Banks** (Butterworth).
Simpson, Lucie, **The Privilege of Motherhood** (Greening), 2/6.
Willing's Press Guide, 1905, 1/0.
Subject List of Works on the Fine and Graphic Arts (including Photography) and Art Industries in the Library of the Patent Office (Patent Office), 0/6.
Moore, J. B., **Brazil and Peru Boundary Question** (New York: Knickerbocker Press).
Smith, Mrs. R. A., **Baby: its Treatment and Care** (Drane), 1/0.
Report of the Librarian of Congress (Washington: Government Printing Office).
Brown, A. J., **New Forces in Old China** (Revell), 5/0 net.

Reprints and New Editions

Beaconsfield, Vivian Grey, 2 vols. (Moring), 7/0.
Kingsley, **Westward Ho!** (Macmillan), 2/0 net.
Cooper, F., **The Pathfinder** (Macmillan), 2/0 net.
Browning, E. B., **Casa Guidi Windows and Other Poems** (Miniature Edition) (Frowde), 3/6.

Fiction

Wyndham, Horace, "The King's Scarlet" (Brown, Langham), 6/0;
Highton, the Rev. A. C., "Terence Travers" (Drane), 6/0; Walker, B. H. M., "Dr. Donaldson and Other Stories" (Drane), 3/6; Hill, E. E., "Evered Fitzroy" (Drane), 6/0; Ryan, Loftus A., "The Blue Waistcoat and Other Stories" (Drane), 3/6; Pilkington, L. L., "Purple Depths" (Westhoughton: Abe & Co.), 3/6 net.

Juvenile

Blossé, K., "Stories of the Wind" (Drane), 3/6.

Periodicals, &c.

"North American Review," "Scribner's Magazine," "The World's Work and Play," "Economic Journal," "Woman at Home," "Our Hospitals and Charities," "Good Health," "Longman's Magazine."

Foreign

Educational

Lehrbücher des Seminars für Orientalische Sprachen zu Berlin (Berlin: G. Reimer), 28m.

My Book of Memory—XIII

SPEAKING of the large number of works of fiction taken out during the year from a public library as compared with history, biography and so forth, Mr. John Morley has told us that "he did not care so far as it promoted cheerfulness and good humour, for that was wanted." With much else that he said all good bookmen will agree, but with this saying chiefly, "cheerfulness and good humour, for that was wanted." There is a thought abroad that much reading makes a cheerless man, that a bookman—a bookworm—must be a crabbed person, a lean and slippered pantaloone, an old fogey, one who stands apart from the daily interests of life, who lives too much in the past to be able to take adequate interest in the present.

Oh, but this is all wrong. A good bookman is no such thing; he loves both past and present, understanding the latter all the better because of his familiarity with the former. To understand To-day a knowledge of Yesterday is essential. The man of many books is a more accomplished citizen than the man of no books; his outlook upon the world and upon men is wider and truer than that of any one who depends solely upon his personal observation and his gift or lack of judgment. The great makers and the great teachers of the past speak to us through books. Are we of this generation so mighty that we can afford to stop our ears to their speech? There were wise men of old, and only the foolish man to-day thinks that our forefathers cannot tell us anything worth the hearing and the weighing.

But in addition to the direct value of reading, of being a bookman in ever so small a degree, for the reading of *many* books is not an essential of bookmanship, there are the "cheerfulness and good humour" which we may derive from works of the imagination, from poetry, from fiction, from the drama, if we are careful to read only of the best, for the supreme writers are in essence cheerful, are optimists. They teach us a truth too often forgotten in these grey days that life is full of compensations, that the unhappy are those who walk the way of life with downcast eyes, seeing only the mud, the ruts, the dirty pools, seeing not the trees above and the sky—the glories of sunrise, of noon, of sunset. As I walk about the London streets it does seem to me that cheerlessness and ill humours are on the increase; as I look over the fiction and the poetry that are now granted us I hear never a joyful note—or seldom. Then when I turn aside to the old masters of our tongue I hear struck again and again chords of joy, of hope, of deep delight in life, so that I ask myself are we changing?

Is life changing and we with it? Is life different to-day from life yesterday? As I talk with my friends I note—or fancy that I do so—that there is a slackening of gaiety, a tenser struggle to obtain answer to eternal "whys," to which, in this world at any rate, no satisfactory reply can be made. We seem to be beating our brains out over problems which, often enough, should occur to no healthy mind. Fiction, to a large extent, reflects the modes and fashions of contemporary thought. Take one example only. In our banal tales of adventure—Wardour Street historical novels—love themes are nowadays seldom simple and pure. The old masters were neither prudish nor prurient; the young masters show a sad tendency toward being both. But even apart from this particular point, such a novel as

Mr. Anthony Hope's exceedingly clever "Double Harness" could not have been written and welcomed fifty years ago. But, you may urge, is not an artist to paint the dark as well as the bright side of life, the pleasant as well as the unpleasing? Certainly; but his picture must leave the impression upon the beholder—upon the reader—that life is worth the living and is not a mere morass of iniquities and a chaos of unsolved problems. But it is not my part to preach; all I would say is that, as far as my knowledge goes, the grand masters are healthy-minded, whole-souled, whole-hearted; that the writers of our time are too often unhealthy, limp-hearted, tending toward anything rather than cheerfulness and good humours.

A friend asked me not long ago since if I had really found books helpful in the conduct of my life; with truthful tongue I answered him that I had. Many a false notion, many an ignorant surmise, many a wrong conclusion, have been set right by imaginative writers. I truly believe—nay, I know—that difficulties of mine have been easy of solution which had been insoluble were I not a reader of books; hours of deep depression have been lightened for me, hope has been rekindled when its flame had flickered out—by books. For, after all, what is great literature but the speech of great men? And must not that be a help and guide to us little ones? Every day, in business matters or in other affairs, we take counsel with our fellows, selecting those whom we believe to be wiser or more experienced than ourselves. Shall I ask advice and help only of the living, only of the few whom I may chance to be able to approach? Have I not counsellors, wise, faithful, expert, standing ready there upon my bookshelves? Why should I turn from them? It would be not only foolish but grossly ungrateful to those who have never shown me anything but kindness.

How often after a weary day of work, oftentimes of disappointment, have I gone into my chamber, tired, depressed, there to find myself surrounded by familiar, kindly friends. I have stood before my fire of a winter evening, looking round the cosy room, with a heart full of thankfulness that no matter how rude the worldly wind without may be, here at my hearth a cheery welcome always awaits me and friends full of good humours. Or, of a summer evening, when the pale blue and gold livery of the west is fading into grey, I sit by the open window, not reading, for the light has grown dim, but with a cherished friend in my hand, knowing that no sun can set upon a hopeless sorrow for him who can obtain cheerfulness and good humours from his books, which I maintain that any man—or woman—can do who can read and choose aright. Each man's choice must be his own, as it must be with living friends. Not that good books are dead; the master's hand may be stilled for ever, but his voice speaks clearly still to those who have ears to hear.

So the more bookmen there are the happier will the world be. I need not possess, I need not read many books to be a bookman. After all, the very good are very few, and only those never fail us. Poetry, fiction, plays—choose the best according to the advice of those who know, bearing in mind that only the fittest survive; and of those best make your own selection, for it is with books as with food—one man's poison is another man's meat. I never neglect these my friends; I make many new acquaintances, very rarely a new

friend; the old ones suffice, the old ones that have been tried and never found wanting. Kindly faces they have and kindly hearts and kindly words; their company fills me with cheerfulness and good humours. E. G. O.

The Human Will

IV—The Function of Reason

WHEN we speak of man as a "rational animal" or of the "dictates of reason" we must be aware of confused thought. Perhaps we may most clearly observe the influence of the reason on the will when we clearly see its limitations.

There is significance and leading in the titles of those great works by which Alexander Bain helped to distinguish the sixth decade of last century—the century that saw his great application of physiology to psychology, the publication of "The Origin of Species," and of the "Principles of Psychology." Those works were called "The Senses and the Intellect," and "The Emotions and the Will." It is the emotional part of our nature, and that alone, which furnishes the force of all volition whatsoever. Every act of will is determined by the prepotent motive; and it is self-evident that no intellectual percept or concept is a motive as such. This, as I see it, is the objection—a very grave objection—to Professor William James' term *ideo-motor*, which unequivocally suggests that ideas have motor powers. It is not so. In aiming the arrow you undoubtedly influence its course, but though you aimed for an æon it would go no whither until the bow was released. The mainspring of willing is wishing, is desire. We act because we *want*, and our reason is not the driving shaft but the rudder. Reason, to vary the image, is not the breeze but the pilot.

Admitting this, it is possible to explain what appears to be a difficulty of determinism. In argument the other day, a friend insisted upon the fact that, though men of science deny the freedom of the will, yet they admit the existence of a something which they see to vary in different individuals. A lunatic has volition; in a lucid interval he has volition; but when he is insane we recognise that his actions are "impulsive," whilst during sanity they are rational. Insane he is enslaved, sane is he not free? If, then, there is a power of choice which varies in different persons or in the same person at different times, how can we defend determinism?

The difficulty vanishes when we appreciate the conception of reason as the pilot. Sane and insane alike are subject to the gusts of passion; gusts which no pilot reason can abate; they do not own his jurisdiction. The reason does not furnish motives. But the rational man has a remote objective for which he steers, and though his reason cannot *drive* him thither it can direct the forces that do drive him. The image is not perfect, but it may serve to illustrate the point that the function of reason is directive and not motor. The dictates of reason are not dictates in the sense that a gale is dictator; they are dictates as to the way in which to ride the gale. In any case I want happiness—whether by self-seeking or serving others matters not—and my reason, which does not furnish my desire for happiness, fulfils the function of telling me how best to achieve my end; the pilot is neither the breeze nor the chooser of the port, but he suggests how best to use the one in order to gain the other. This is the function of reason.

The common delusion, however, is that men are determined by their reason. It is thought that you have only to instil rational considerations into people and they will act rationally. When they do not, we say indignantly

that man is not a rational animal—not understanding what to expect of the reason. We conduct education on this principle. We take no heed for the emotional nature, the mainspring of action, but spend all our energies on the development of the intellect, as if to know the right were to follow it. Nor do we learn by our mistakes. We teach a boy that it is wrong to steal. He fully appreciates this concept, but nevertheless he steals; whereat we are disappointed, and descant upon the anomalous fashion in which our instruction has miscarried. When the elements of psychology are common knowledge, current even in our legislature, we may direct our primary educational efforts to the emotions and not to the reason, it being better to steer an unskilful course to a worthy goal than to take the shortest and quickest road to perdition. The reason is absolutely neutral, absolutely non-moral. Supposing that education of the reason could endow every one with the intellectual capacity of a Napoleon, who would be the happier or better if there were none other than emotional natures such as his for the reason to direct? When a man is a knave at heart it is well for his neighbours if he be a fool to boot. What this age, like every other, requires is not men of brilliant intellect but "men of good will," as the correct version of the herald angel's message has it. Is it not plain that here "good will" means good motives? It seems to me that it would be well if society, recognising that reason is only the guide of the will to its own ends, could early discriminate between those whose faces are set towards the light and those who are in league with the Prince of the Power of Darkness; and could ensure that knowledge, or the trained reason, should be bestowed only upon those whom it would guide to a goal worth gaining. But as society cannot do this, it must rather—and this is even better than the other would be—set itself to the training of the emotional nature—of what we call *character*—as the prime end of education and legislation. The importance of character-making is that character and not intellect determines conduct. C. W. SALEEBY.

"Prunella"

TRULY Mr. Laurence Housman and Mr. Granville Barker, the authors of "Prunella," Mr. Joseph Moorat, who has written the music, and Mr. Vedrenne, who has produced this fairy play, are very rash folk; they have pinned their faith to the artistic and the beautiful, they have forgotten that nowhere in the wide world is there a playgoing public who cares so little about the charm of poetry and of fine acting, and this very set of playgoers they invite to the Court Theatre to see "Prunella"! And what is "Prunella"? In brief it is one of the most delightful entertainments ever set upon a stage, the most delightful in every way since we were granted "L'Enfant Prodigue," the story, the poetry and the prose, the music, the scenery, the acting all are delightful. How, then, can it be hoped that it will be prosperous in the Philistine atmosphere of London? There are no hysterics in it, no sexual problems, no heroics, no comic songs, no dancing dolls, truly—as aforesaid—those responsible for the production are very rash folk.

"Prunella" is a play of pure fancy, a thing neither wholly of this work-a-day world nor wholly of fairyland, but a dainty, pathetic mixture of both. The three quaint maiden aunts, their niece, Prunella, their servants, their gardeners, and their delightful boy who scares birds with a song that charms human beings, these are of this world, delightful old-fashioned folk, who

could live nowhere else than in their trim Dutch garden with its clipped hedges, its fantastic handiwork of the topiarist and the statue of the God of Love. From fairydom came Pierrot, light of love, Scaramel, his cynical servant, Kennel, Callow, Mouth, Tawdry, Doll, Coquette—an uproarious crew of merry wastrels. Then Prunella's heart awakens and she listens to the soft wooing of Pierrot; she ceases to be Prue, she becomes Pierrette; she loves with all her soul and is loved with passing fancy; but Pierrot loves better this time than he knows; his vagabond heart has found its home; he will even meet death to regain his loved lady; but he is rewarded beyond his desert by a living Prue. How bald this poor description is beside the reality as set forth in this poetic phantasy; it is a dream of beauty and of beautiful things, and dreams will not bear the light of cold print. From the moment that the curtain rises and we hear the boy's quaint song until the moment when the curtain falls for the last time on Prunella and Pierrot and the God of Love, we are wrapt away from realities and wander through a wonder-world of beautiful emotions, a land of mortals and immortals, of sorrow and of joy, of poetry and of music; a very, very beautiful world, for the introduction to which we owe deep gratitude to Mr. Housman and Mr. Barker, and to Mr. Moorat, whose music is in keeping—plaintive, melodious, unusual, quaint. And the actors were one and all excellent; they presented us with figures that will long linger in the eye and the memory; all were very good, but best of all were Mr. Granville Barker as Pierrot, Miss Thyrza Norman as Prunella and Mr. Norman Page as the Boy.

In these days of raucous pantomime and music-hally musical comedies, of blatant noise and coarse extravagance, it is indeed a boon to be granted anything so beautiful and so truly artistic as "Prunella." It is a sheer delight to eye, to ear and to heart. W. T. S.

The Beauty of London

SOME months ago I sketched out in these columns a scheme of what the Royal Academy ought to be—a great national force; and I showed, what, indeed, scarce needs the showing, that by comparison it is a mere parochial concern. If any smallest proof were needed to enforce that plea for the reorganisation and the strengthening of the Royal Academy, it may be found in every phrase of the address given before the Society of Arts by Mr. Jackson, one of the few architects of Royal Academy rank, upon the "uglifying" of London. Indeed, his every phrase, reported in the press, was sound good sense, and worthy the consideration of every citizen of this "no mean city." It is a serious matter, moreover, for every lover of art in England. Mr. Jackson spoke with befitting contempt of that sordid desert that bad taste has laid out in front of the beautiful arch at Hyde Park Corner, with its pitifully inadequate statue to the great Iron Duke at centre—a square that ought to be one of the glories of England. He speaks with becoming disparagement of the broken promise of Piccadilly Circus. And he very

rightly bemoans the excruciating innovations in the form of blatant self-advertising architecture that threaten the severe beauty of Regent Street. It is only to be regretted that he did not pour some of his contempt upon the hideous pinnacle, or rolling-pin, or whatsoever it may be, which has lately been set up in the thoroughfare before St. Mary Abbot's Church as a shabby tribute to a great woman who deserves no shame from her country, and least of all from her much-loved Kensington—Queen Victoria. When the thing was being done by Kensington surely it might have been handsomely done.

Let us imagine, for instance, each corner house in Piccadilly Circus to be a handsome theatre, or some like public building, the one in harmony with the other; or, better still, that a handsome square were laid out, as Mr. Jackson suggests; what a glory to London! Consider that these theatres are largely and severely built to enhance the splendid curve and severe beauty of Regent Street. The effect would be majestic and dignified. That abortive top to the central fountain would have to give place to something high and telling and perpendicular. Mr. Jackson's suggestion of Cleopatra's needle is an excellent one. At Hyde Park Corner, those miserable islands and more miserable little trees should give way to mass and form and dignified treatment. And in the squares and streets, the vulgar desire for self-advertisement of each business house should be curbed for the public good. But it is ridiculous to expect the business houses to control their own assertiveness—they live on and by it—it is, in their view, life or death to them. Who, then, shall do this master work? The Royal Academy, the lethargy of which makes it the laughter of the studios? The Royal Academy that has absolutely no hold upon the nation? Who then? Well, this at least is certain, that nothing will be done until the building of every stick and stone of our streets is under the censorship of a Committee of Taste. And it is as certain that such a committee if simply formed by ordinary business men on the County Councils will not greatly remedy the evil. It is only by reforming the Royal Academy into a great national institution, and appointing a Committee of Taste from amongst the artistic genius of the State that the slightest hope remains of saving London, to say nothing of re-creating London, so that she shall be a city of beauty. For the mere appointing of a committee of public taste is not to be done by drawing names on paper spills from a silk hat; it has its dangers, which need to be guarded against. There is more than one French town within a few leagues of Paris that is suffering from L'Art Nouveau—ridiculous fantastic windows are usurping the place of those long rows of delightful windows with their daintily coloured shutters, which give a rhythmic musical sense to the streets of French towns. Yet the architects of these innovations are compelled to submit their designs to the municipal authorities for approval. On the other hand, the committee has a tendency to bar any newness of design and thus strike at originality, though this danger may be left to take care of itself where we have a committee of the most original and enthusiastic artists of the day, as would happen to be the case in such a committee as here suggested. It is useless to trust to the public as a whole—the public are taken up each with his own career, and turn a deaf ear to art. If London is to be saved, she must be saved by the artistic genius that is bred in her splendid children; and London has been before to-day the plot and scheme of master minds, and of the least of these was not Wren.

HALDANE MACFALL.

PERMANENT REPRODUCTIONS

OF THE WORKS OF

G. F. Watts, E. Burne-Jones, D. G. Rossetti,
Windsor Castle Holbein Drawings,

Also Pictures from the Uffizi and Louvre Galleries, may be obtained from FREDK. HOLLYER, 8 Pembroke Square, London, W. Illustrated Catalogue 12 penny stamps. Foreign stamps accepted from abroad.

Correspondence

Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness"

SIR,—Will you allow me to protest against the opinion expressed in your columns on the Stage Society's performance of Tolstoi's "Power of Darkness"? It seems to me that that performance was by far the most valuable which the Stage Society has ever given, and it was valuable in a two-fold way: first, because it gave us a dramatic masterpiece which we may never see again on the English stage; and, secondly, because it gave us that masterpiece in a really adequate way, with one character astonishingly well done by Mr. O. B. Clarence, and with at least three characters admirably rendered by Miss Italia Conti, Mr. Lyall Swete and Miss Dorothy Minto. But it is with your view of the play itself that I have most fault to find. I can only say that, more than any play I have ever seen, this astounding play of Tolstoi's seems to me to fulfil Aristotle's demand upon tragedy: "through pity and fear effecting the proper purgation of these emotions." I had never read it; my impression was gained directly from seeing it on the stage. Well, though as I listened to it I felt the pity and fear to be almost insupportable, I left the theatre with a feeling of exultation, as I have left a concert room after hearing a piece of noble and tragic music. How out of such human discords such a divine harmony can be woven I do not know: that is the secret of Tolstoi's genius, as it is the secret of the musician's. Here, achieved in terms of naked horror, I found some of the things which Maeterlinck has aimed at and never quite rendered through an atmosphere and through forms of vague beauty. And I found also another kind of achievement, by the side of which Ibsen's cunning adjustments of reality seemed either trivial or unreal. Here, for once, human life is islanded on the stage, a pin-point of light in an immense darkness; and the sense of that surrounding darkness is conveyed to us in no other play that I have ever seen, by an awful sincerity and by an unparalleled simplicity. Whether Tolstoi has learnt by instinct some stagecraft which playwrights have been toiling after in vain, or by what conscious and deliberate art he has supplemented instinct, I do not know. But, out of horror and humour, out of the dregs of human life and out of mere faith in those dregs, somehow, as a man of genius does once in an age, Tolstoi has in this play made for us the great modern play, the great play of the nineteenth century.—Yours, &c.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

Compulsory Greek

SIR,—I note with regret that a letter by "J. B." in your issue for December 10, page 598, respecting "Compulsory Greek" at Oxford, has not yet awakened any comment in your columns. "J. B.'s" outspokenness might to some convey the impression that his assertions embody the settled convictions of the scientific public. He gives us to understand that there exist not only men of education who hold the cramming of elementary Greek at high pressure to be efficacious in the humanisation of the mind, but also examiners capable of countenancing the practice. We receive no hint that, if the Oxford Pass Coach be too busy among the freshmen, the assignable cause is the nature of the preliminary schooling. "J. B.'s" remark that the examination for the Pass degree "is adapted to the meanest intelligence" is the reverse of flattering to the Greek-frenzied weaklings for whom his passion boils and bubbles. If the classic lore requisite for success in Responsions and Mods. (which must precede the examination for the Pass degree) can truly be said to lie within the compass of the meanest intelligence, how pitiable must be the mental condition of the Science man to whom the acquisition of "a certain minimum of elementary Greek" is an impossibility without resort to cramming at high pressure! One may question the wisdom of subjecting such persons to the strain of attempting a University course. Inasmuch as the prime function of a University is the education rather than the instruction of its alumni, there can be no reason for quarrelling with the determination of

the Oxford authorities that their Science graduates shall be men of sound general culture, with some knowledge of Greek as well as Latin. For the mere attainment of a practical, if limited, acquaintance with the sciences the keeping of terms at a University is nowise a necessity. It is, indeed, a matter of frequent comment that sundry of the greatest scientific worthies have either received little or no academic training, or have risen to pre-eminence long after the completion of a University career. Experience in the tuition of some hundreds of students has led your present correspondent to the conclusion that, as a rule, the University classics man is both quick in the assimilation of scientific knowledge and apt in giving it expression in writing, whereas the purely scientific literate is comparatively slow in perception—especially as concerns a subject not previously studied by him—and possesses a relatively poor command of words. Even if, blinking the fact that there are modern and improved means of learning the languages of the ancients, we accept the pessimistic notion of "J. B." that it is exclusively the higher branches of Greek that advantage the student, and that after many years of application the study of these is "only possible," we may not ignore the educational effect upon the undergraduate of contact with a body of men whose aim, ambition and duty it has long been to enter into the spirit of the masterpieces of ancient literature. Their gentleness has made many a young man great. He who has learned to know these guides aright must ever refuse to give credence to the chimera of "J. B." that personal considerations could induce such men to vote for measures obviously detrimental to the public weal. The aspersion of reputable opponents has, happily, little significance, save as evidence that the aggressor has perchance been singularly unfortunate in his experience of men and manners. The knight-errant whose defence of his distressed damsel consists in the casting of addled eggs and mud does her but scant honour. It remains to be said that, had "J. B." taken the trouble to glance through the bulky pamphlet entitled "Reports of University Institutions," issued by the Clarendon Press this year, or had he witnessed the radical changes effected in the Museum during the last decade, he could not have astonished your readers with the jeremiad that "Oxford is . . . perhaps only naturally, the arch-enemy of science and modernity."—Yours, &c.

FRANCIS H. BUTLER.

"The Human Will"

SIR,—Thinking of free will as it has been unscientifically defined, I am reminded of the vicarious plaint of the madman lamenting his lost personality—

"I was a will, I was a heart, a soul,

As men may be;

But all have slipped the shadow of control

That made them me."

Though far more of a shadow than the unthinking guess, is it not less of a shadow than the fleeting physical life it haunts? At times we could swear to its absence; we are consciously helpless, and fall; again, we realise our deliberate neglect of its presence, or in its strength we resist successfully. And who among our judges shall deny with certainty that, in any given defeat, we resisted to the margin of choice—that subjectively we may have conquered?—Yours, &c.

W. L.

Animal Suffering

SIR,—It cannot be pretended that animals have the same acute sense of pain as human beings; the nerve power is different. Seeing that big fish prey on lesser fish, we arrive at the result that nature is a great "slaughter house." As to the survival of the fittest, admitting the general result, on Darwin's assumption, it yet follows that proletarian increase involves the survival of the *unfit*. Besides a heavy poor rate, we find lunacy and weak-mindedness on the increase all round us. Then, to carry out the *survival* theory, we must admit that the nation suffering from such proletarian evils must decay, and, just as the Western Roman Empire has left us with Germanic intelligence, so the British Empire must decay to fulfil the "survival theory," to result in some higher form of civilisation.—Yours, &c.

A. HALL.

The New Writers' Column

Petrarch's Village

AMONG the southern slopes of the Euganean Hills stands Arqua Petrarca. In the plain below, the Venetian express passes through the little town of Monselice, bearing its daily freight of tourists to Florence. Yet the Italy of the guide-books, the happy hunting-ground of Cook and Dr. Lunn, does not include Arqua. Only the Italians and those few strangers to whom Italy is the country of their adoption, come year by year to visit the last resting place of one of the greatest among Italian poets.

The traveller who has driven up from the plain through vineyards and fields of maize, arrives first in the Piazza, where the inhabitants gather to laugh and chatter as they drink the white wine for which Arqua is noted. Here, before the church,

"rear'd in air,
Pillar'd in their sarcophagus, repose
The bones of Laura's lover."

There is, however, little intrinsic beauty in the tomb, with its four stumpy pillars of red marble, and our traveller will soon turn to climb the steep stone-paved street, which leads to the villa where Petrarch's last years were spent. A white house roofed with tiles that are mellowed by the sun, it stands in the highest part of the village looking out over the plain. High iron gates enclose a little garden in which oleanders flower, and from the garden a flight of steps leads to the entrance of the villa. Here, from the loggia, the view, which has been seen in gradually widening glimpses during the ascent, lies revealed in all its splendour. Below, to the left, the fortress of Monselice keeps watch over the town. Further to the right lies Este, the original home of the great race who ruled in Ferrara. The fortifications stretching up the hill-side amid a cluster of cypresses are the remains of a castle begun in the eleventh century by Azzo, Count of Este. Even in ruins they form an illustration in stone of the iron grasp in which the owners of the fortress held the town at its feet. Beyond Este and Monselice

"is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy."

Far as the eye can reach stretches the unbroken expanse. A breeze stirs the feathery acacias so that the whole plain seems in motion, and who can tell whether it be land or water as it appears through the haze of a hot September day?

Surely, in the view from the arcaded loggia lies the clue to Petrarch's choice of a home and to the love which Byron and Shelley bore towards Arqua. The little hill-village possesses the charm which has been immortalised by Stevenson in "Will o' the Mill." Far from the stir of cities it is nevertheless in touch with human life. In the great Lombard plain the battle of the world rolls on and the dweller at Arqua can gaze down on it with a deeper sympathy and a fuller understanding in that he is raised above the turmoil of the conflict.

CECILIA M. ADY.

REGULATIONS.

We will consider carefully any article sent in to us, in length not more than 500 words, if guaranteed by the writer that no composition of his (or hers) has ever been printed or published in any journal, magazine or other publication, or in book form, and if the article is suitable to the pages of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE and of sufficient merit, we will print it in THE NEW WRITERS' COLUMN, sending the writer a cheque in accordance with our usual rate of pay-

ment. The article must be signed with the author's full name. We must trust to the contributors' sense of honour not to abuse our confidence.

RULES.

1. The article may be on any subject of literary, art, or antiquarian interest; freshness of subject, of treatment and style will chiefly influence the acceptance of any article.
2. The length of the article must not exceed five hundred words.
3. MS. must be written clearly, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
4. The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence regarding this column.
5. If contributors desire their MSS. to be returned in case of their not being printed, stamps must be sent for this purpose.
6. No MS. will be considered that is not accompanied by the writer's full name and address and an intimation that the writer is qualified to write for the *New Writers' Column*.
7. All communications must be addressed to the Editor, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C.; the envelope being marked "N. W. C." on top left-hand corner.
8. The Editor will not hold himself responsible for any lost MS.; a duplicate copy should be kept by the writer.
9. Each MS. must have attached to it the competition coupon (given on one of the cover pages).

Monthly Prize Competition

REGULATIONS.

WE shall give, until further notice, a monthly prize, value £1 ls., for the best criticism of a specified book. The prize will take the form of a £1 ls. subscription to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's Circulating Library. In the case of any prize-winner living too far from the nearest branch of this library, or for any other good reason not desiring to subscribe to it, the subscription will be transferred to another library, to be chosen by the prize-winner. If already a subscriber to a library, the guinea will run from end of present subscription or be added to it at once. The prize-winner will be sent an order on the library selected, a cheque for £1 ls. being forwarded with proper notification to the proprietors. The winning criticism will be printed, with the writer's name, in THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE. Style and independence of view will be chiefly taken into account in awarding the prize. We need not remind competitors that they are not called upon to buy the selected books, but can obtain them from a library.

RULES.

1. The criticism must not exceed eight hundred words or be less than five hundred.
2. All communications must be addressed to "The Competition Editor, THE ACADEMY, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C."
3. The Editor's judgment in awarding the prize must be considered final.
4. The MS. must be clearly written by hand, or typewritten, on one side only of the paper.
5. No competitor can win the prize more than once in three months. In case a previous prize-winner sends in the best criticism, his (or her) paper will be printed, the prize going, however, to the next best sent in by a non-prize-winner.
6. The competition coupon must be filled in and sent with the MS. (See page 2 of Cover.)

SUBJECT FOR THIRD COMPETITION

JAPAN, AN ATTEMPT AT INTERPRETATION. By Lafcadio Hearn. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

Competitors' MSS. must reach this office not later than January 16.

"Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 9 East Harding Street, London, E.C. The envelope to be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper, which must bear the sender's full name and address, not necessarily for publication. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Questions must NOT be such as can be answered from the ordinary works of reference.

COMPETITION.

Until further notice, four prizes, of the value of 5/- each, will be awarded weekly for the two best Questions and the two best Answers contributed to "Academy" Questions and Answers.

The Editor's decision must be considered absolutely final and no correspondence whatever will be entered upon with regard to the awards. The names and addresses of prize-winners will not be published, but the winning Questions and Answers will be indicated by an asterisk. Each prize will consist of 5/- worth of books to be chosen by the several prize-winners. The name and address of the booksellers where the book or books can be obtained will be given. Winners outside the United Kingdom will receive a cheque for 5/-. No competitor can win a prize more than once in three months.

One of the four weekly prizes will be awarded, whenever possible, to a Shakespearean Question or Answer.

Non-adherence to the rules and regulations of "Questions and Answers" carries disqualification.

[Continued on p. 668.]

DON'T BUY SECOND-HAND WORN-OUT
MACHINES WHEN YOU CAN BUY

A NEW

WILLIAMS TYPEWRITER

IMPROVED MODEL 2 (the "Academy" Model) for

£12 : 12 : 0 cash

or by Monthly Instalments of only 12s. 6d.

The WILLIAMS is a well-known and approved typewriter, guaranteed by a responsible company.

The usual price of the "Academy" Model is £21 : 0 : 0; we are now offering it at £12 : 12 : 0, which we are able to do upon the principle of co-operative sales.

This new Model includes some important improvements.

If you are interested in this unique bargain offer, why not write a post-card asking for full details to the Academy Typewriter Department, 9 East Harding Street, E.C., or better still, call at one of the Williams Offices

LONDON - - - - - 57 Holborn Viaduct

ABERDEEN . . . 115 Union Street	EDINBURGH . . . 19 Shandwick Place	MANCHESTER . . . 267 Deansgate
BELFAST . . . 71 Ann Street	EXETER . . . 31 Queen Street	MIDDLESBROUGH . . . Royal Exchange
BIRMINGHAM . . . 28 High Street	GLASGOW . . . 69 Bothwell Street	NEWCASTLE . . . 21 Collingwood Street
BURNLEY . . . 9 Grimshaw Street	LEEDS . . . 3 Park Lane	NOTTINGHAM . . . Prudential Buildings
CARDIFF . . . 8 St. John's Square	LEICESTER . . . 60-64 Halford Street	PORTSMOUTH . . . 154 Queen Street
DUBLIN . . . 5 Upper Ormond Quay	LEIGH . . . 64 Bond Street	SOUTHAMPTON . . . 12 Portland Street
	LIVERPOOL . . . 16 Union St.; Exchange	SHEFFIELD . . . 72 Queen Street

Questions

SHAKESPEARE.

"KING LEAR."—Is there any story or legend from which Shakespeare might have drawn the idea of Edgar's song in "King Lear," "Child Rowland to the dark tower came," &c.?—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

LITERATURE.

ROMANTICISM.—I should like to know whether Mr. T. Watts-Dunton's definition of Romanticism in literature as the "renaissance of wonder in poetry" is derived from Bodmer's work "On Wonder in Poetry" ("Vom Wunderbaren in der Poesie"), published in 1740. In this important book the Swiss critic, who based his thesis on Milton's "Paradise Lost," overthrew the theories of his adversary Gottsched, the champion of classicism, as expressed in the French dramatists of the seventeenth century and in Addison's "Cato." His main idea is essentially the same as Mr. Watts-Dunton's, a fact which, however, by no means proves that it was borrowed from Bodmer by Mr. Watts.—*E. Dick (Berne).*

"WITCH OF ATLAS."—Can any one give in a few words a general outline of Shelley's real meaning in "The Witch of Atlas"?—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

"AMIS AND AMICE."—Where can I find an English version of the stories of "Amis and Amice" and "Aucassin and Nicolette"?—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

DE MUSSET AND DEL SARTO.—Where can I find any reference to Andrea del Sarto and his paintings amongst the writings of Alfred de Musset?—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

"IMAGINARY PORTRAITS."—Are Walter Pater's "Imaginary Portraits" founded upon fact, or are the persons he treats of entirely fictitious?—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

AUTHORS WANTED.—What is the reference in the quotation, "the fatal flower beside the rill"? Where does it occur, and who is the author?—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

The words "She paves her path with human hearts" occur in quotation marks in Canto iv. Stanza 26 in Shelley's "Revolt of Islam." Can any one give the author, and any where they are taken from?—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

GENERAL.

"DOG IN THE MANGER."—What is the origin of the expression "dog in the manger"?—*Marguerite K. Pirkin.*

ST. EULALIA.—What is the origin of St. Eulalia? She is the subject of a beautiful picture by Waterhouse in the Tate Gallery. I have consulted the "Encyclopædia Britannica" and other reference books but can find no mention of her.—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

"O DU LIEBER AUGUSTIN!"—I saw a reference in a German magazine to a popular air known as "O du lieber Augustin!" A German friend informs me that this air is whistled by office boys and others of that class when they expect that there is something unpleasant in store. Could any one explain the origin of this?—*Percy Selser.*

BEANFEAST.—What is the meaning and derivation of the word "bean-feast"?—*Gertrude C. Westbrook.*

RIGHT.—In a small book I recently picked up, entitled "Parleyings with Important People," it is stated that "Rigby," in Disraeli's "Coningsby," was a famous editor, and "the best abused and most stupid man of letters in London." As it is not usual for a stupid man to become a "man of letters" or a "famous editor," and the statement could scarcely be made out of malice, there may be some reason for the apparent incongruity. Can any one explain? Who was "Rigby," and what was he editor of?—*R.S. (Sunderland).*

Answers

SHAKESPEARE.

WARWICKSHIRE.—F.T. asks if there are sufficient dialectal peculiarities in the plays [of Shakespeare] on which to base an argument in favour of a Shakespearean, or, at any rate, Warwickshire origin for them. That there are no "dialectal peculiarities" in Shakespeare can be proved by the "New Dialect Dictionary" in course of publication. Some years ago Mr. Appleton Morgan, President of the New York Shakespeare Society, gave a glossary of 518 words which he claimed as Warwickshire words used by Shakespeare. Not one of these words is purely Warwickshire, every one instanced being common to other counties.—*E. S. (Edinburgh).*

TIMON.—W. C. Hazlitt says: "The story itself is in Painter's 'Palace of Pleasure,' 1566." Mr. Knight thinks Shakespeare worked upon the material of a previous writer, perhaps George Wilkins, as Mr. Spedding and N. Delius maintain. It is thought that the editors of the First Folio fell back for minor parts (the play being incomplete) upon the old "Timon of Athens" (not much older, perhaps, than Shakespeare's play), which may have been the work of George Wilkins. See Ulrici, Elze, and Fleay (Dowden). "In Timon indignation has attained its ideal expression: . . . he turns upon the world with a fruitless and suicidal rage" (ib.). Mr. Dowden thinks Shakespeare had incurred Timon's temptation to fierce and barren resentment, but, when "Timon" was written, had attained self-mastery. May the misanthropy of Timon be described as a personal feeling, as compared with the more philosophical misanthropy of Molière's Alceste? The first ragings against the falseness and treachery of his friends, courtiers, &c.; the latter against that of the whole framework of society in general.—*Immerito (Teddington).*

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.—The earliest reference to sonnets by Shakespeare occurs in Meres' "Palladis Tamia," 1598: "The sweete witty soule of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare, witness . . . his sugred Sonnets among his private friends." Their publication was certainly quite unauthorised, for the title-page of the Quarto runs as follows: "Shakespeare's Sonnets. Never before Imprinted. At London. By G. Eld for T. T., and are to be sold by William Aspley, 1609." This Quarto contained a dedication to a "Mr. W. H.," who is described as the "onlie begetter" of the poems. If, as the majority of commentators agree, "begetter" here means "inspirer," he was in all probability William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom, together with the Earl of Montgomery, the First Folio is dedicated. This argument attributes the entire collection of Sonnets to Shakespeare. The theory that Marlowe is responsible for some of them is unsound, because Marlowe died in 1593, and 1593-94 is the earliest date assigned by Professor Dowden for their composition, and this is supported by the internal evidence of style. Wordsworth's theory in

regard to the Sonnets was that "with this key Shakespeare unlocked his heart"; "just as Beethoven, perhaps, embodied in his sonatas something of the *Sturm und Drang* of his own life."—*Winifred Annie Horwood (Brookley).*

LITERATURE.

CAREDIGION.—The Welsh name for the county of Cardigan is Ceredigion. There is a tradition of a lost land which once formed a part of the county now submerged beneath the sea in Cardigan Bay. This lost land is known as Cantref y Gwaelod, and is the subject of a long poem in a volume called "Welsh Minstrelsy," by T. J. Llewellyn Prichard, published at Aberystwyth in 1824. There is an account of the tradition by Griffith Edwards in a pamphlet of twenty pages, "The Inundation of Cantref y Gwaelod, or the Lowland Hundred," published at Tenby in 1849. This is reprinted in the "Works of Griffith Edwards," published by Mr. Elliot Stock in 1895.—*John Ballinger (Cardiff).*

CAREDIGION was a kingdom situated, according to Welsh tradition, on the present Merioneth and Cardigan coasts. Being lowland country, it was protected by a stone embankment. This, in the reign of Gwynho Garantier, father of Elphin (in the sixth century), had fallen into disrepair owing to the negligence of the warder, Seithyn ap Seithyn Sidi. Consequently, during a storm the whole country was inundated, leaving Gwynho little but his palace for a kingdom. (See Lady Guest's "Mabinogion," note on "Taliesin," and Peacock's "Misfortunes of Elphin.")—*F. L. Bickley.*

"WHICH" OR "THAT."—The following is the rule given by Dr. E. A. Abbott in his invaluable little book, "How to Write Clearly": "When using the relative pronoun use 'who' and 'which' where the meaning is 'and he, it,' &c., 'for he, it,' &c. In other cases use 'that,' if euphony allows." Dr. Abbott writes further: "It is not, and cannot, be maintained that this rule, though observed in Elizabethan English, is observed by our best modern authors. Probably a general impression that 'that' cannot be used to refer to persons has assisted 'who' in supplanting 'that' as a relative. But the convenience of the rule is so great that beginners in composition may with advantage adhere to the rule as a rule, and trust to their ears for the exceptions." Dr. Abbott gives some of the exceptions, which are numerous.—*M.A.C.*

SHRUGGING THE SHOULDERS.—Shrugging the shoulders—a gesture much less frequent, as Darwin points out, among us than among Frenchmen and Italians—is certainly not upon the increase with Englishmen. We tend, on the contrary, to reduce gesticulation to a minimum. Most men regard it as a "monkey-trick," and, with us, it is far more common in women. It is a stupid habit, which, surely, every intelligent person who becomes conscious of it must desire to be rid of. Darwin accounts for it on the principle of antithesis. The chapter dealing with the subject in "Expressions of the Emotion" is interesting to re-read. F.J.O.'s theory as to its usefulness in modern action is, no doubt, the correct one.—*E.K.L.*

THEOBALDS AND NONSUCH.—The former splendid palace and park was exchanged for Hatfield House with Robert, first Earl of Salisbury, by James I. in 1607. It was demolished during the Commonwealth by order of Parliament; but some relics survived until the eighteenth century, and on this site were erected the houses which now form Theobald's Square, in the village of Cheshunt. Henry VIII.'s magnificent palace of Nonsuch was given by Charles II. to Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland. She pulled down what the Puritans had spared, but there exist a few remains in the way of foundations and the like. The foundations of the banquetting house in which Queen Elizabeth feasted have been traced. In the grounds of Ewell Castle, which once belonged to the Calverlys, are, or were, traces of the foundation of an outlying summer-house or banquetting hall of Nonsuch. An adjoining field has been designated Diana's Dyke, from a tradition that it contained a bath used by Queen Elizabeth, and adorned with statues of Diana and Actæon.—*A.R.E.*

GENERAL.

"GREAT SCOTT!"—I have been told by one of an older generation that this ejaculation referred to General Winfield Scott, who won great distinction in the war between the United States and Mexico (1846-7), ran for the Presidency, and was by many regarded as the greatest soldier of his time. General Scott was a very large man physically, and extremely pompous and vain, facts which, perhaps, lend probability to the idea. I have always supposed that "Great Scott!" was exclusively an American exclamation. Perhaps it originated in some such apostrophe as that in Mr. Kipling's verses where Lieutenant-General Bangs exclaims:

Spirit of great Lord Wolseley!
Who is on that mountain top?

—*J. C. L. Clark (Lancaster, Mass., U.S.A.).*

M. B. WAISTCOAT.—The "M. B." waistcoat was so called from a passage in the Apocalypse, where "the mark of the beast" is mentioned. "The mark of the beast" was associated with the Church of Rome by many strong Protestants; and so when the clergy, who were favourable to the Oxford Movement, began wearing what is now the usual clerical dress, their opponents spoke of the dress as M. B. The expression is to be found much earlier than "Middemarch"—namely, in an article on "Church Parties," in the "Edinburgh Review," which appeared, I think, in 1853, and which was afterwards reprinted in a separate form. By the irony of fate, clergymen of all schools now wear the clothing which was thus stigmatised, but I was under the impression that the nickname had passed away.—*H.B.F. (Hastings).*

PRIZES.—The asterisks denote the two questions and two answers to which prizes have been awarded. The winners can obtain, on application at the following booksellers, Five Shillings' worth of books. Notices have been dispatched to the several winners and to the following booksellers:

Messrs. Jones & Evans, 77 Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.
Messrs. Handscomb & Co., 40 Station Road, Redhill.
Mr. John Hogg, 54 Queen Street, Cardiff.
Mr. G. Walsley, 50 Lord Street, Liverpool.

An Educational Supplement of
special interest will be given with
"The Academy and Literature" of
14th January.



For the New Year

As a home acquisition for the New Year the most desirable is that which will give lasting pleasure to the entire household, something that is not of passing interest merely, but of permanent value—something, in fact, that would be an investment rather than an expense. When we advocate the purchase of

A PIANOLA,

you will agree that the suggestion is a good one. New possibilities in piano playing are revealed to you; the growing fascination of acquiring an unlimited repertoire, the wherewithal to amuse your guests and enliven your evenings at home, all become yours.

No other instrument can compete with the Pianola for sheer artistic merit. The greatest musicians of the day have stated so in writing.

Write for Catalogue, and mention "The Academy and Literature."

THE ORCHESTRELLE COMPANY,

ÆOLIAN HALL, 135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

WANTED, FOR SALE, AND IN EXCHANGE—Continued from 2nd page of cover.

WANTED.

FOX-DAVIES' Book of Public Arms.—**Mr. Harry Greenwood**, 34 Bull Green, Halifax.

BOOKS on Monumental Brasses, particularly Waller (large paper), Hollis, Camden Society, &c. Classical books. Libraries or small parcels purchased.—**W. Hoffer & Sons**, 4 Petty Curry, Cambridge.

EVANGELICAL Magazine, 1793-1904, set or "runs"; Church of England Magazine, 1876 to end.—**Charles Higham**, 27A Farringdon Street, E.C.

JEWITT'S Ceramic Art, best edition; Haye's Practical Treatise on Planting, Dublin, 1794 or 1822; Hillegas' With the Boer Forces.—**Hodges, Figgis & Co., Ltd.**, Booksellers, 104 Grafton Street, Dublin.

CURRENT Literature and Surplus Books of every kind bought at fair prices for cash by **Holmes Bros.**, 4 Manette Street, Charing Cross Road (many years with Mrs. C. Hindley, of Booksellers' Row).

BEATRICE D'ESTE, Cathedrals of North Germany, by Bum.us; Glories of France—Cathedrals and Châteaux.—**A. Iredale**, Torquay.

WORKS by Wilde, O.; Whistler; Beardsley; books in large and small quantities purchased.—**J. Jacob**, 149 Edgware Road, Hyde Park.

NUNNERY Life in the Church of England, by Sister Mary Agnes, O.S.B.—**Jarvis & Foster**, Lorne House, Bangor, N.W.

EARLY English Translations, Novels, Dramas, and Poems of works in German literature.—**W. T. Keemott**, Ithaca, New York.

BERNARD "HAW'S" Unsocial Socialist, 1888, Sonnen-schein.—**W. J. Knight**, 147 High Street, Ventnor.

GAUSS, Recherches Arithmétiques; Lodge's Modern Views of Electricity; Helmholtz's World's History, Vols. 2, 5, 6; Astrophysical Journal, 1902, 1903; Knowledge, Vols. 15, 16, bound.—**Marling School**, Stroud.

ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA, Supplem. Volumes, 4-14; Borealis (Aberdeen University Press); Children's Friend, 1879, 1895; Life of Dickens, 1885.—**A. & R. Milne**, Aberdeen.

WASHINGTON (Gen.), Old Portraits of, and Books containing same; Any Portraits and Views of American Interest; Old Books and Tracts on America and Canada.—**The Museum Book Store**, 43 Museum Street, London, W.O.

WANTED.

QUATUOR Coronati, vol. 1; Dumas' Celebrated Crimes, vol. 1; Poems by J. R., 1850; Vicar of Wakefield, 2 Vols. (Salisbury), 1760.—**Myers & Co.**, 59 High Holborn, London, W.C.

POOE Law Commission Report of 1834 (two copies).—**Oxford Reformers' Bookshop**, 55 High Street, Oxford.

MACHY'S Specifications; Ingills (Lady), Siege of Lucknow; Bain, Digit of the Moon, 4to; Willis, Canterbury Cathedral.—**James Parker & Co.**, 31 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.

ENG. DEVOTIONAL WORKS, 12mo or smaller, 1600-1630; Hakluyt Society, any 1847-1904; 16 cent. German works, with woodcuts.—**H. H. Peach**, 37 Belvoir Street, Leicester.

LAW'S Little England beyond Wales; Annales Cambrensis; Nisbet's System of Heraldry; Loggia of Jesus; Medonte's Les Roses; anything scarce or curious on Cornwall, old prints, maps, engravings, &c.—**Pollard**, Bookseller, Penzance.

REPORT Modern Theological Works by best authors. Must be cheap and in good condition.—**Principality Educational Depot**, Y.M.C.A. Buildings, Cardiff.

PULLING'S Laws and Customs of City and Port of London, 1849.—**Public Library**, Gravesend, Kent.

RECENT Works on Philosophy, Natural Theology Science, Chambers' Encyclopedia, or Encyc. Brit.—**Public Library**, Nelson, Lanc.

WHITE'S Workshop, the Dukery, and Sherwood Forest, large paper, good condition, publishers' covers; Dalecarlian Conjuror's Day-Book (Chateleine).—**Thos. Ratcliffe**, the Dukery Bookshop, Workshop.

SOUVENIR or Pocket Tablet for 1848; Prints of the Foot Guards; Microcosm of London, vols. 1 and 2, uncut.—**Robson & Co.**, 23 Coventry St., Piccadilly, W.

BARING-GOULD, S., The Book of Were-Wolves, 1865 or other edition.—**A. S.**, 14 More's Garden, Chelsea.

FRENCH Revolution; Mémoires of Bishop Grégoire.—**E. A. S.**, Sageson School, Bournemouth.

CHAMBERS Book of Days, 2 vols.; Mrs. Fielding Johnson's Glimpses of Ancient Leicester, several copies; Books, Views, and anything relating to the Town of Leicester or County of Leicestershire.—**Spencer & Greenhough**, 102 Granby St., Leicester.

WANTED.

COOK-FIGHTING, any sets of Prints of, or odd ones Cockton (H.), Valentine Vox, in monthly parts, or cloth, 1840, or any odd parts

Sylvester Sound, in monthly parts or cloth, 1843, or any odd parts

Colburn's New Monthly Magazine, July and August, 1845

Coledridge (S. T.), Notes on Shakespeare, 2 vols., 1849

The Watchman, 8vo, Bristol, 1796

Collection of Old Ballads (plates), 3 vols., 1727-38

Collins (D.), New South Wales, 2 vols., 1798

Collins (Wilkie), any first editions

Collinson's History of Somerset, 3 vols., 4to, 1791

Collins (C. P.), Chase of the Wild Red Deer, 1862

Comforts of Bath, 12 coloured plates, by Rowlandson, oblong 4to, Fries, 1798

Comic History of England, in parts or cloth, 1847-8 or odd parts

Comic History of Rome, in monthly parts or brown cloth, N.D., or odd parts

Comic Nursery Tales, Orr & Co., N.D.

Conciones ad Populum, 1795

Confessions of an Oxonian, 3 vols., 1826

Confession of Con Oregan, 2 vols. or odd parts

Conjugal Lewdness (by Defoe), 1727

Constable's English Landscape Scenery

Constitutional and Public Ledger, 1836-1839

Cooke (M. C.), British Fresh Water Algae, with Supplement

(British Desmids), 3 vols., 8vo, 1882-87

Walter T. Spencer, 27 New Oxford Street, W.C.

ANY OLD PRINTS, Engravings, Maps, early Books or Pamphlets on America and Australia; anything on Money, Bullion, Trade, Commerce, Coin, Political Economy.—**Henry Stevens, Son & Styles**, 39 Great Russell Street London, W.C.

OSBORN'S Japanese Fragments; Kilet's Essay on the Laws of Trade, 1839; English Historical Review, Vols. 1 to 6.—**Suckling & Co.**, 13 Garrick Street, London, W.O.

BLACKSTONE'S Commentaries and Cooke's Institutes; any editions.—**Sweet & Maxwell, Ltd.**, 5 Chancery Lane, London, W.C.

THORBURN'S Coloured Figures of British Birds.—**Achilles Taylor**, 198 Corporation Street, Birmingham.

[Continued on next page.]

COMFORT FOR YOU IN EVERY GLASS

"SERRAVALLO'S TONIC" is a highly concentrated strength-giving Tonic Wine, which furnishes to the system the elements necessary for perfect health in an easily digestible form.

"SERRAVALLO'S TONIC" is a distinct boon to all sufferers from Anæmia, Dyspepsia, and any state of Debility, as well as to Convalescents from severe illnesses, Influenza, Fevers, &c. For overtaxed professional men, nothing will be found more effective than "Serravallo's Tonic."

Its remarkable palatability places it in the front rank of all other Tonics of a kindred nature; children take it, therefore, as readily as grown-up people.

SERRAVALLO'S TONIC (Bark and Iron Wine)

AN IDEAL TONIC.

Has been awarded 19 Gold and Silver Medals.

Highly recommended by Medical Authorities all over the World.

Regenerates the Blood.

Stimulates the Appetite.

Restores the Vital Forces.

Strengthens the Nerves.

Used in the Leading Hospitals of Europe. Recommended by over 3,000 Doctors. Children take the wine cheerfully. It promotes the appetite. Energises digestion. Literature and Hospital Reports on application.

J. SERRAVALLO, Trieste; Agencies all over the world.

British Depot: 46 HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

Wanted, For Sale, and in Exchange—Continued from last page.

WANTED.

PRAGUND Umgebungen; Praktischer Wegweiser: Berlin: H. Goldschmidt, 1890 (Bl. 26, Grieben's Reisebibliothek).—Any complete copy up to 3s. wanted by **L. C. W.**, 2 Gayton Road, Harrow, England.

ANY of Lord Lytton's Novels, 1880-2; also any by G. P. R. James, 1844-9.—**Webster**, Bookseller, Woodhouse Lane, Leeds.

ENGLISH Spy, 2 vols.: Gammonia, 1837: Guy Manning. Highest prices offered. Largest stock in Wales. Any quantities for cash. All Welsh books purchased.—**Williams's Old Book Store**, Ruthin.

H. BRADLEY'S Ethical Studies; Macer's; the Old Glasgow, 1895; Barnes' Poetical Works, edited Grosart.—**D. Wyllie & Son**, Booksellers, Aberdeen.

FOR SALE.

FROUDE'S History of England, 12 vols., 1856, half-bound, green, excellent condition. What offers, cash?—**Allen**, Stocklinch, Ilminster.

CONSTITUTIONES Artis Gemetrie Secundum Enclydem; a facsimile of the early poem on Freemasonry, 1889; a perfectly clean copy; original binding, rubbed. What offers?—**B.**, 24 Muswell Hill, N.

STUDIO, Whirlwind, The Savoy, The Butterfly. The Dome, all in parts; The Evergreen, Phil May's Annals, complete sets. Best offers to **Bayne**, 36 Annette Street, Glasgow.

MARK TWAIN, Edition de Luxe; Gasquet's Eve of Reformation, 1st edition.—**A. D. Brash**, County Hotel Buildings, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

SPECIAL offer of Walter Crane's Masterpiece; Spenser's Faerie Queen, 6 volumes for £7 10s. net, published at £10 15s.—**Henry F. Bumpus**, 335 High Holborn, W.O.

SHAKESPEAREANA.—Chalmers' Apology and Malone's Enquiry into Shakespeare Papers, 4 vols., 1796-7, 25s.; Green's Shakespeare and the Woburn Writers, 1870, 8s. 6d.—**Buttton**, 155 Tavistock Street, Bedford.

VOLTAIRE, Œuvres, complete, 17 vols., calf, 1762, 30s.; Connoisseur, complete to date, 36 parts, 42s.; Lange, Life of Christ, 6 vols., 1864, 10s.; Rowlandson's Westminster Election, 1784, 28s.—**David Cadney**, Cambridge.

CONNOISSEUR, vol. 1, morocco, and Nos. 5 to 26 inclusive, all in parts; new.—**Cambridge's Library**, 56 Church Road, Hove.

ROUND (J. H.), The Commune of London, new, for 5s. 6d. (pub. 12s. 6d.); Sheppard (E.), The Old Royal Palace of Whitehall, illustrated, new, for 7s. 6d. (pub. 21s., postage free).—**J. G. Commin**, 230 High St., Exeter.

FINE Sets of Books at fifty per cent. off cost. Will make splendid Christmas presents. International Library, County State, Burns Works, Library Shakespeare, Waverley Novels, &c. Send for prices.—**Dilwyn Book Mart**, Swansea.

FOR SALE.

SOCIAL REFORMERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA, a complete set, 11 vols., including Labour Representation, Land Question, Trade Unionism, Socialism and General Politics, with hundreds of special articles, biographies and portraits, 7s. 6d. free.—**Joseph Edwards**, Kirkintilloch, Glasgow.

OFFERS Wanted for Vols. 101 to 142 of the Proceedings of Institution of Civil Engineers.—**F.**, 19 Dartmouth Street, S.W.

JOHN LOCKE.—Essay on Human Understanding, 1692, 1st edition, splendid condition. What offers?—**E. G. J. Fairlie**, 130 Belgrave Road, Oldham.

CHRISTIAN Mysticism, by William Ralph Inge, M.A. (12s. 6d. net, for 8s.: Aunt Minerva Ann, by J. Chandler Harris (4s. 6d. net, for 3s. 6d.).—**Farmer & Sons** (Young's Library), 179 Kensington High Street, W.

PHENICIAN Ireland, trans. from the Latin of Villanueva, by Henry O'Brien (London), 4s. 6d. post free.—**M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd.**, 50 O'Connell Street Upper, Dublin.

GEORGE COURTNEY LYTTLETON'S History of England 1st edit., 1803, vols. 1 and 3 (of 3). Many good and curious engravings and maps. Large quarto. Offers?—**Goodwin**, 11 Chalk Farm Road, N.W.

KENT Topography. A large collection of Books, Pamphlets, and Views in Stock. Also Views relating to other Counties, Book Plates, "Ex Libris," assorted in packets.—**W. E. Goulden**, 5 St. Paul's, Canterbury.

BOOK Bargains at the GROSVENOR LIBRARY. We are disposing of many thousands of modern &c. novels, all clean insides, 10 for 12s., packed free. Only address 35 Chapel Street, Belgrave Square, S.W.

SURPLUS BOOKS (English and Foreign).—Novels, Travels, Biographies, Essays, &c., &c., may be obtained at very low rates. Packets of 6 recent novels in good second-hand condition for 5s.—**The Grosvenor Gallery Library**, 18 South Molton Street, W.

THE SAVOY, Quarterly Magazine, Jan. and April 1896; illustrations by Aubrey Beardsley, Louis Dury, Jacques L. Blanchot, W. Rothenstein, M. Beerbohm, J. Pennell, W. Sickert.—Write **M.**, 24 Fitzroy Square, W.

LARGE Colotype Port. of "Fontenay" Lord Clare, now 8s., a few only; P. M. Egan's Hist. of Co. and City of Waterford, 1,000 pp., ill., free, 1s. 6d.—**James Hayes**, Bookseller, Ennis.

VELVYN'S Silox, 2 vols., 4to, half-moro or, 1825, 15s.; Conington's Miscellaneous Writings, 2 vols., 8vo, 7s. 6d.; Oliver Twist, 2 vols., 3rd edition, uncut, 42s.; Dickens' Hard Times, 1st edition, uncut, 21s.—**Hiscocke & Son**, Richmond, Surrey.

HALLAM'S Works, 10 vols. cloth, or 8vo (1856), 17s. 6d.; Paley's Works, 8 vols. calf, 8vo. (1812), 21s.; Lingard's History, 10 vols. (1855), 4-calf, 21s.—**E. Idie**, 23 Bra'burne Avenue, S.W.

SELLON'S Annotations of the Sacred Writings of the Hindus, 8vo, wps., privately printed, 1902, 10s. 6d. free.—**Juckes' Book Store**, Birmingham.

BARGAINS.—Kipling's Works, edition De Luxe, 21 vols., as new, £14 14s.; Armstrong's Hogarth, new (£10 10s. net), £4 15s.; De Cameron, 2 vols. and portfolio extra plates, 30s.—**Holland Bros.**, 21 John Bright Street, Birmingham.

FOR SALE.

STUDIO.—A Set to date, in parts, with or without extra nos.; also Sets of Butterfly, 1st series, 1893; 2nd series, 1899.—Offers to **Kilgour**, 26 Nelson Street, Edinburgh.

PUSCULORUM Christianorum, rare 2nd edit., 1497, good condition; also fine collection of old Plays—Jocson, Cibber, British Theatre, Cumberland Plays, &c., 168 vols. What offers?—Particulars of **L.**, c/o Ginn, 19 Princess Road, Regent's Park.

EDEN, or the Compleat Book of Gardening, 1737, leather, good condition; Graphic, vols. 1, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 9, cloth, best offers.—Hon. Sec. **Lit. Institute**, Dorking.

A BARGAIN Set of Dickens. The "John Foster" Edition, in 19 vols., including Life by John Foster, and Dickens Dictionary; illustrated from Plates as used in the original editions by Seymour, Cruikshank, Phils, &c.; large type; handsomely and strongly bound in maroon cloth, as new (published at £4 4s.); offered at £2 2s.—**Midland Educational Co., Ltd.**, Corporation Street, Birmingham.

NOVELS for Winter Evenings.—A parcel of 10 surplus 6s. Library Novels will be forwarded, car. pd., for 5s. 6d., by **Modern Library Co.**, 56 Oxford Road, Manchester. Appreciated by Institutions after reading.

THE Death of Enone, Akbar's Dream, &c., by Tennyson, five steel engravings, bound white and gold, only 500 copies printed, certificate attached, price 21s.—**W. Summers Morris**, Bookseller, Swindon.

FOR Sale.—Lizars' Anatomical Plates; large edition; in good condition, minus clasps. What offers?—**Novelist**, 13 Victoria Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

VIEWS of all Counties, on approval; good parcel of Oxfordshire, including some folios by Farrington and some by Boydell; large parcels of Devon, Gloucestershire, Leicestershire, Norfolk, Yorkshire, Ireland, Scotland, Wales.—**Ridgway**, Gravesend.

TWELVE Copies of the Studio, in perfect order, from October 1900 to September 1901; 6s.—**Ross**, Hope House, Kersal, Manchester.

HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION, D'Aubigne, 5 vols., half calf, 7s.; Rousseau's Confessions, 2 vols., 25s.; Farmer's Violin Tutor, 2s. free. Wanted. "Songs of Two Savoyards."—**Rutter & Co.**, Moorland Road, Leeds.

ILLUSTRATED London News, 1848-1902, incomplete set, bound, 96 vols., backs of 9 vols. slightly damaged. What offers?—**Secretary**, Philosophical Institution, Edinburgh.

THE Goupil Art Biographies, Henry VIII., Charles I., Charles II., Prince Edward, Cromwell, Sophia, Josephine, Marie Louise, Napoleon et son Fils, &c.; large and small paper copies.—**S. W. Simms**, Bath.

FIRST Editions of Modern Authors, including Dickens, Thackeray, Lever, Almsworth; Books illustrated by G. and R. Cruikshank, Phils, Rowlandson, Leech, &c. The largest and choicest collection offered for Sale in the World. Catalogues issued and sent post free on application. Books Bought.—**Walter T. Spencer**, 27 New Oxford Street, London, W.O.

THACKERAY'S Works, 26 vols., 1898, 4-mor.; Hawkesworth's Voyages, 3 vols., 1773; Lyon's History of Dover, 1813; Blackie's Encyclo., 14 vols., new, 1884.—**C. A. Streicher**, York.

KICKERBOCKER'S Hist. of New York, Cruikshank's Plates, Togg, 1836, 2s. 9d.; Hemy's Piano Tutor (5s.), for 1s. 3d.; Farmer's Violin School (5s.), for 1s. 3d.—**J. W. Thompson**, 45 Pasture Street, Grimsby.

HISTORY of the House of Douglas, by Sir H. Maxwell, illus. by Raiton, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth (42s. net), for 10s. 6d. new; History of the House of Percy, by G. Brennan, illus. by Raiton, uniform with above (42s. net), for 10s. 6d. new, post, 6d. extra.—**Walker**, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

COMPETITION COUPON.

* This Coupon is

also available for

ANY COMPETITION,

and should be at-

tached to the MS.

"ACADEMY" FREE ADVERTISEMENT COUPON.

Insert attached advertisement on the conditions named, of

(here say Book, Picture, &c.)

Name

(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

(Being an Annual Subscriber)

Address

Dec. 31, 1904.

